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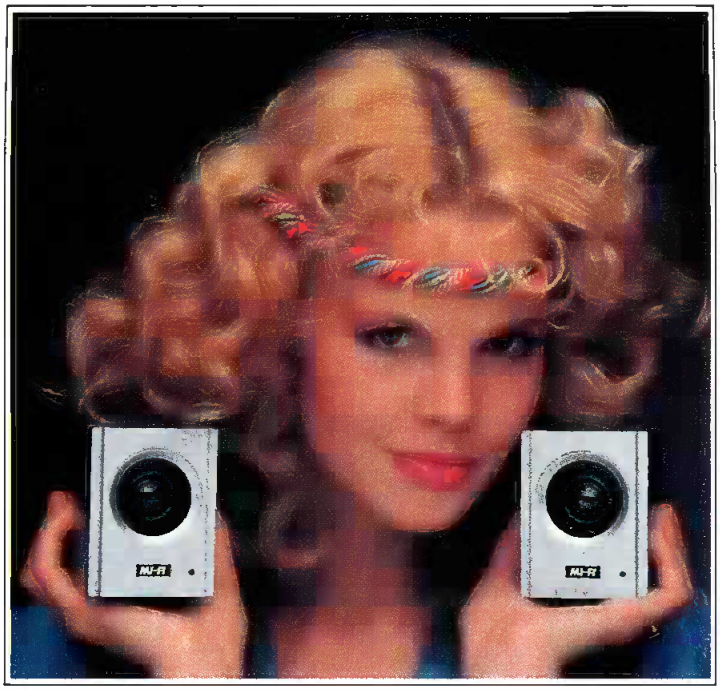

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Gordon Novel (left) and Larry Flynt

I received a phone call on or about Nov. 13, 1983, at my home in Bel-Air from Gordon Novel, entrepreneur from New Orleans, Louisiana.

I had become acquainted with Novel as a result of the DeLorean case. It was Gordon who arranged my secret rendezvous with John DeLorean. Gordon had introduced my then Chief of Security, William B. Rider, to Mr. DeLorean. Rider, in turn, arranged a meeting.

During the phone conversation, Gordon Novel asked me if I wanted to make a deal with the White House on the sex tapes. He said that if I was willing to sit on the tapes, whatever that meant, that the Administration would most probably be willing to prosecute everyone involved in my shooting which had occurred on March 6, 1978, but still remained officially unsolved. I asked if that would include the persons involved in the coverup. He said that he could not speak for President Reagan, but that he would arrange for a meeting with an attorney who had access directly to the White House.

Larry Flynt

Editor and Publisher

The Rebel

Larry Flynt
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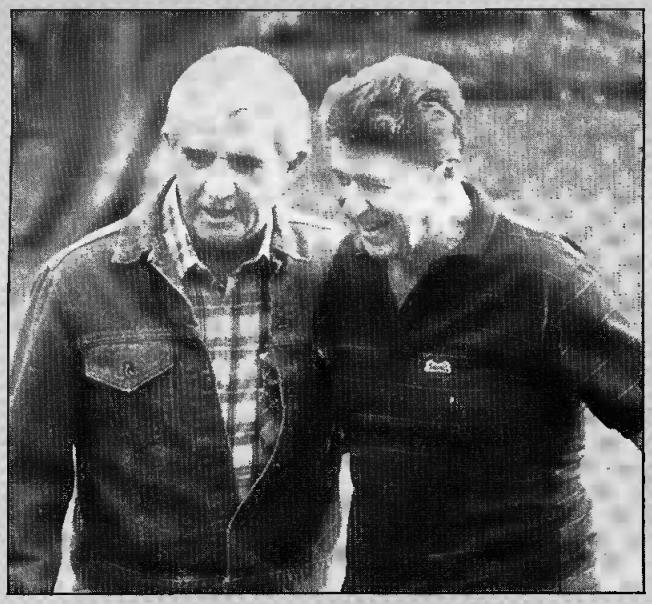

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Star 80

Starring Mariel Hemingway, Eric Roberts, Cliff Robertson, Carroll Baker, Roger Rees and David Clennon.

Directed by Bob Fosse.

Warner Bros.

***Mariel Hemingway as Dorothy Stratten in* Star 80**

Dorothy Stratten, an aspiring actress and model, was murdered by her husband and would-be manager, Paul Snider, in 1980. A sad and sordid story, not too commonplace, but not uncommon either. What makes her story unique is that she was Playboy's Playmate of the Year. Even in death, the Playmate of the Year is a star. Hence a *Village Voice* article about her. Hence the interest of Hollywood. Hence, Bob Fosse.

Fosse is perhaps the most stylish cynical-director this side of Stanley Kubrick. He makes scintillating pictures with top-name talent, state-of-the-art art direction, gorgeous camera and fast-paced, energetic editing. But if there is one cohesive theme in Fosse's pictures, it is the Death Trip: the Third Reich in *Cabaret*, the fall of Lenny Bruce in *Lenny*, Fosse's own brush with speed-induced oblivion in *All That Jazz*. *Star 80* is from the same hard-edged mold—a glittering ironic view of a decadent culture which sets up entertainment "heroes" only to smash them down.

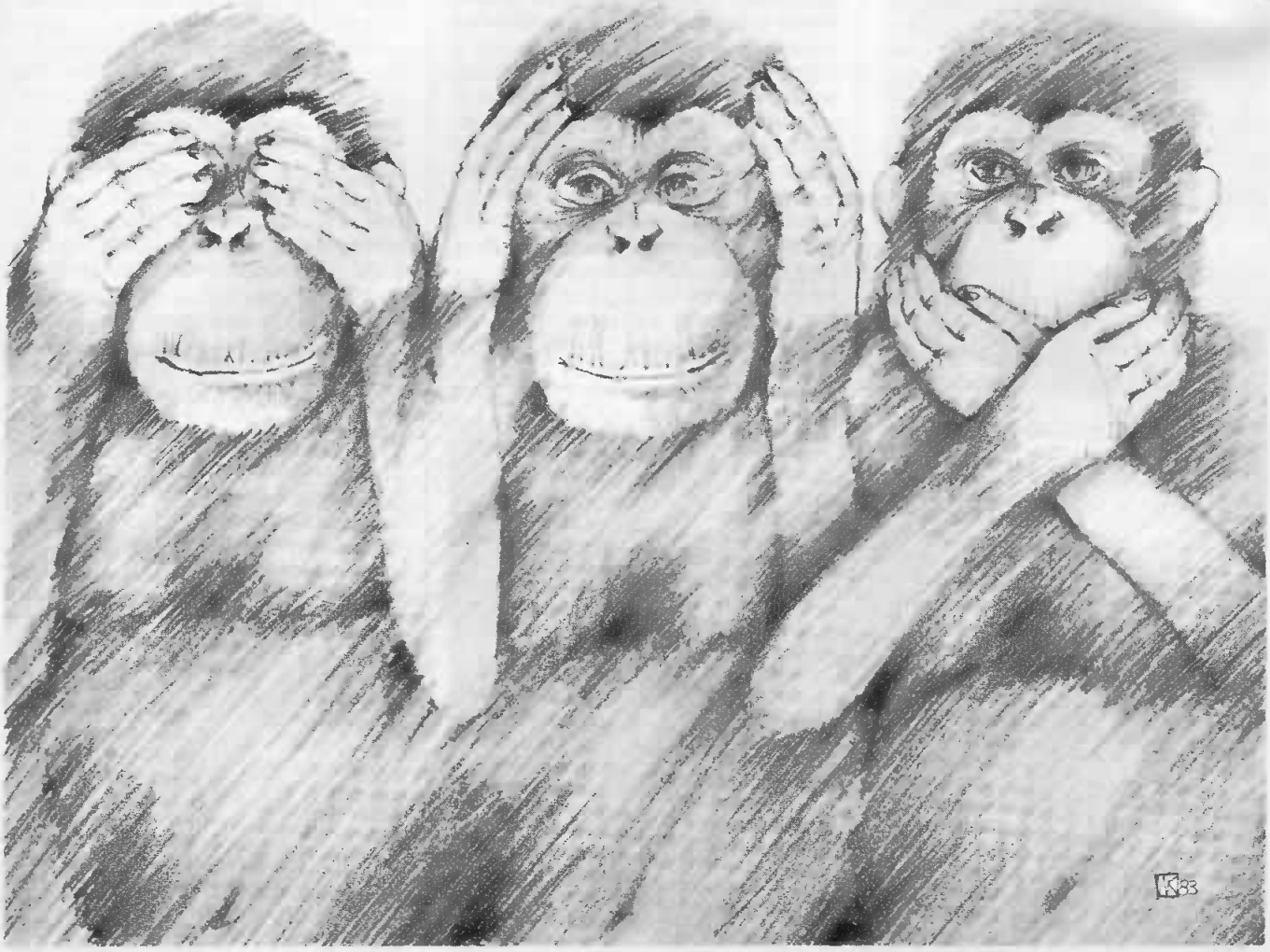
The casting is—with one exception—outstanding: Mariel Hemingway is the perfect Dorothy: an aw-shucks small-town teenager who enters a world of seeming glamor and sophistication, growing and changing and becoming confused and frightened and exhilarated. It is a performance of great depth and intelligence, eclipsed only by Eric Roberts' portrayal of Paul Snider. Paul Snider is quite simply the most fascinating character we hve seen in pictures in a long, long time. Idiotic, vicious, vain, deluded, optimistic, crass semi-cunning, often hilarious just because he is so *out of it*, Snider is the epitome of the American Dream: the "All I Have To Do Is Hustle People Mercilessly and Do Push-Ups and I'll Be A Star" school of self-abuse to which so many artists' managers and artists themselves belong.

Roberts as Snider is a joy to behold: We watch squirming as he buys the wrong clothes, combs his hair the wrong way, says the wrong things to the wrong people and always, always ends up chewing on his boots. Snider is such a total fool he's almost adorable, the kind of character Steve Martin or Chevy Chase might play if they could act as well as Eric Roberts. Moreover, Snider—not Dorothy—is the centerpoint of Fosse's world: a catalogue of crass Americana full of Honda conventions, mud-wrestling bouts, male exotic dancers, high school proms and Playboy-sponsored roller derbies, a world of bogus beauty, glossy trash and wasted time.

Fosse's direction of actors and attention to detail are impeccable. Sven Nykvist's cinematography and Alan Heim's editing could hardly be improved. This film is slick, seductive, expertly crafted. Yet it fails. For, pretty though it is, the picture has no *balls*. This is not to say it isn't graphic. Fosse's choreography of the murder—a scene which plays twice, once at the beginning and once at the end—is so graphic that it is impossible to watch it without distancing yourself from what you see, without becoming emotionally detached from the events as they unfold. Instead of remaining a sympathetic character, Dorothy Stratten dies like a piece of meat. If that was really the picture's point, fair enough. After all, the real Dorothy wasn't prized for her talents as an actress or a model. She was prized for her willingness to remove her clothes. All else is bullshit. There are times in *Star 80* when you start to wonder if Fosse realizes this—if he is trying to comment on a society that treats women like sides of beef, hanging them on newsstands for predatory males to unstaple and devour. But for the most part he evades the issue, depicting the Playboy Mansion as benevolent cross between a cathouse and a cathedral, heaping the blame for everything on Snyder's sad demented head.

Of course, Snyder pulled the trigger. But was he the only culprit? Fosse tells us, yes. But the answer rings hollow. After she moves into the Mansion, Dorothy learns to see Paul Snider for the sleazy, paranoic grifter that he no doubt was. But were her new consorts any less sleazy than the old? The Hefner character is shown going out of his way to thwart Dorothy's marriage to the undesirable Snider. But never once is it suggested—except by Snider himself—that Hefner and the Playboy bunch might be pimps as well. The reason for this isn't hard to

TIME Newsweek U.S.NEWS



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Larry Flynt

Editor and Publisher

(Subscription coupon on page 79)

fathom. *Star 80* is a true story. Hugh Hefner is a real person, and a powerful man. You don't have to ask Nixon's permission to portray him in a movie, but you have to ask "Hef" for his. And with permission comes compromise.

"Hef" must see the script and its revisions. "Hef" has the right to approve whoever plays his part on screen. Fosse wants Harry Dean Stanton to play Hefner. Stanton is a fine actor, but "Hef" does not consider him suitable. "Hef" prefers Clif Robertson. His choice is understandable. Robertson is an adequate performer, handsome, looks good in pajamas and a pipe. Translation: he makes Hefner look good in pajamas and a pipe. Harry Dean Stanton is very different, beautiful in his own way, but also dessicated and ineffably *seedy-looking*. Fosse's choice of Stanton was inspired casting. But when the word came down that "Hef" would not allow it, Fosse had three choices: abandon the project, cave in to outside influences, or "fictionalize" the story sufficiently to cast whoever he liked and make the picture he wanted to make. Fosse chose to cave in. No doubt he still gets to go to parties at the Playboy Mansion. But is his picture really what he wanted it to be?

Star 80, all its stellar brilliance aside, ends up a meager half-baked film. Fosse clearly senses that something's wrong, but never points the finger at the jaded establishment which manufactured Dorothy and let her be destroyed. ***—Jack Hinton***

***Debra Winger and Shirley MacLaine in* Terms of Endearment**

Terms of Endearment

Starring Shirley MacLaine, Debra Winger, Jack Nicholson, John Lithgow, and Danny DeVito

Written and directed by James L. Brooks.

Paramount

You'll get exactly what you deserve if you to go *Terms of Endearment*, because the film was written, produced and directed by James L. Brooks, the man who produced and wrote *Starting Over* and, more importantly, created *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and *Taxi*. These projects are all characterized by the roller-coaster rides taken by the audience in emotional sympathy with the witty yet lovably human characters.

The family and friends who revolve around the female leads—Emma Greenway (Debra Winger) and her mother Aurora (Shirley MacLaine)—give the impression of sit-com regulars on vacation. Emma's husband "Flap" Horton (Jeff Daniels) is a dorky yet decent third-rate literature professor who barrels through several "Can't-talk-gotta-run" entrances. Jack Nicholson has the film's most sympathetic role as Garrett Breedlove, the astronaut next door, who, as the shallow symbolism of his name might suggest, is the only one of Aurora's many suitors with enough spunk to satisfy the love-hungry widow. Similarly, John Lithgow works another clever supporting part as the mild-mannered banker who parlays a sincere friendship with Emma into an euqlly sincere love affair during a time when Flap may or may not be fooling around with female grad students.

If, as seems likely, this film wins an Academy Award, the reason will have something to do with the voters' appreciation of its craftsmanlike manipulation of sentiment—a skill that spells success when cannily applied. *T of E* is perceived by many as some kind of heady cinematic experiment bravely undertaken by a major studio (Paramount), but it's simply another example of treating a Serious Issue (cancer) with unsuitable levity.

Having myself used *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* as a therapeutic device in the past, I can't deny the palliative effects of such good-natured fluff, but this is not taking *Terms of Endearment* on its own unendearing terms. For when otherwise reasonable adults ramble wistfully on about the emotional depths plumbed here, it is to laugh. ***—Richard Gehr***

***MacLaine in* Terms of Endearment**

The Man Who Loved Women

Starring Burt Reynolds, Julie Andrews, Marilu Henner, Jennifer Edwards and Kim Basinger
Written and directed by Blake Edwards
Columbia

What a sad state of affairs has been reached when the most enjoyable moment in one of Blake Edwards' "serious" comedies is that which most resembles a sequence from one of his abhorrent *Pink Panther* films. (Let me spoil it for you: The gag involves Crazy Glue, a small animal, shag carpeting, and man who must talk the keys to a Rolls Royce out of a stoned black parking attendant. Some yoks, eh?) This low-comedy interlude comes as a breath of fresh Air-Wick amid this remake of Francois Truffaut's 1977 film about an obsessed womanizer who pursues his objects of desire to the point of anxiety-ridden distraction.

The film's framing device is a funeral attended by the women listed above, and begins and ends with a voice-over by Julie Andrews, who plays the psychiatrist of sculptor David Fowler (Burt Reynolds). As a supposedly sensitive and witty Don Juan, Reynolds is laughably unappealing from his first moments in the film, although the psychiatrist's words are supposed to make us feel otherwise. As a charmer he's a dud; that dull thud heard throughout the film is the sound of intended laugh lines hitting well-carpeted floors. It's only appropriate that Fowler's sculptures are ugly bulbous things that rest on their pedestals like the frozen residue of lava lamps.

Edwards goes too far out of his way to establish the humanist credentials of Fowler. The soothing voice of Andrews (who, for me at least, always *remains* Julie Andrews, no matter what role she is playing) preaches lengthy paragraphs about how this man's only sin was that he loved women too much, if such a thing is possible, each and every one of them entering his life like a new frontier for his democratic ardor.

But if Fowler is Blake Edwards' conception of the ideal man, somebody *really* has a problem. In Edwards' smartest films (*"10", S.O.B., Victor/Victoria*) there are always moments when refreshing gusts of cynicism blow across the film from some far corner. They are absent here, and the atmosphere remains tepid with Reynolds' dewy-eyed sensitivity. If the neuroses of the protagonist are supposed to represent the down-side of his amorous utopia, *la dolce Burt* ought to have been a much more lively presence. Here, however, David Fowler is merely another version of the studly type Reynolds portrayed in *Paternity.*

Blake Edwards' daughter Jennifer plays the reluctant hooker David saves from the streets by giving her a job as his assistant. Not having sex with her is to be taken as an example of his wonderfulness. Kim Basinger plays the randy wife of a fat Texan drawn in high caricature, while Marilu Henner is somewhere in the middle of the sexual extremes. He pursues Henner because he believes her to possess the world's most exquisite gams. Indeed, these same imagined limbs of perfection are what lead to his demise, a death that resembles the end of *That Obscure Object of Desire*, when two lovers are blown up by a terrorist's bomb.

Burt Reynolds in **The Man Who Loved Women**

Julie Andrews stars in **The Man Who Loved Women**

As in *Terms of Endearment, The Man Who Loved Women* is plagued by a surplus of decidedly masculine postfeminist sentimentality. Both films surround the tragedies at their center with audience-pleasing dollops of light comedy, as if this were the only thing that would make their respective morals palatable. In neither case does the ploy succeed. ***—Richard Gehr***

El Norte (The North)

Directed by Gregory Nava. Produced by Anna Thomas. Spanish language with English subtitles.

El Norte takes its name from the expression used by Guatemalan Indians to describe the distant colossus to the north, the United States. The words are spoken with a mixture of awe and innocence and often, nowadays, with desperate hope of a haven from mass murder. For *El Norte* is the story of two young peasants who flee from military death squads hired by rich landowners. It is a hauntingly beautiful film that accurately depicts the savagery of Guatemalan life today—the grim aftermath of the CIA's greatest triumph.

The sordid origins of that triumph have been recounted by former CIA spook E. Howard Hunt. In 1954 a top Agency official swore Hunt "to special secrecy and revealed that the National Security Council under Eisenhower and Vice President

Film

Nixon had ordered the overthrow of Guatemala's Communist regime."

Hunt's own earlier proposal for CIA intervention in Guatemala had been ignored, and he asked why the "climate was suddenly right" for covert action against the reformist government of Jacobo Arbenz. "In reply I was told that the difference had to do with domestic politics. Washington lawyer Thomas C. Corcoran . . . had, among his clients, the United Fruit Company. United Fruit, like many American corporations in Guatemala, had watched with growing dismay nationalization, confiscation and other strong measures affecting their foreign holdings. Finally a land-reform edict issued by Arbenz proved the final straw, and [Corcoran] had begun lobbying in behalf of United Fruit and against Arbenz. Following this special impetus, our project had been approved by the National Security Council and was already under way."

Soon after, the CIA achieved total victory. In the 30 years since, the lid has been kept on the Guatemalan social cauldron by a long succession of military dictators and death squads that have massacred some 100,000 people.

El Norte opens in a tiny village in the tropical highlands of Guatemala. Here, Mayan traditions—bright costumes of handwoven textiles, otherworldly songs and chants, even the ancient languages—remain vigorously alive. The simple but profound life of the native Indian peoples, however, has been disrupted by land seizures and violence.

The independent filmmakers who wrote, produced and directed *El Norte*, Gregory Nava and Anna Thomas, provide an intimate view of peasant life in Latin America. They brought their cameras directly into the homes, the church, the village square and the sacred burial grounds of a remote, nearly inaccessible mountain hamlet. In scene after scene of startling visual richness, they convey the lushness and vibrant color of the area, as well as a dreamlike quality. Nava says he is influenced by the "dream realism" of such Latin American writers as Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Miguel Asturias and Carlos Fuentes, whose work combines fantasy with the harsh realities of life. A wonderful musical score that includes excerpts from Samuel Barber, Verdi and Mahler, along with traditional folk music, enhances the unadorned dialogue.

The film portrays the adventures of a brother and sister, Enrique and Rosa, whose parents are murdered by the military after their father attends a clandestine protest meeting. Just before he is killed, the father transmits his credo to his son: *Los ricos* (the rich) regard peasants as only *brazos* (arms) to labor for them; but his dream is that his son will one day be regarded as a complete man, with a heart and soul. This goal—to be more than just a pair of arms—becomes the dream of the son as well.

***David Villalpando and Ernesto Gomez Cruz in* El Norte**

Since they, too, are marked by the police for slaughter, Enrique and Rosa must leave their beloved village and head north. Most of what they know about El Norte comes from old Spanish-language editions of *Good Housekeeping*. They have heard that in that fabled land even the poorest of the poor have automobiles, miraculous toilets that flush and, most important, security and dignity. Before she and her brother depart, Rosa lights three candles in the church: one for each of her deceased parents, and one for "my village."

Next, Enrique and Rosa travel through Mexico. In contrast to the timeless quality of Guatemala, Mexico is shown as a buccaneer society—spirited, macho, with many sharklike social types. (While *El Norte's* makers were on location near Mexico City, exposed film was seized from them at gunpoint, and in the next two days they had to deal with kidnappings, threats and extortion.) The brother and sister finally make it across the border into the United States by crawling for miles on their bellies through a narrow, rat-infested, abandoned sewer pipe.

At first, their difficult journey to El Norte seems to have been a success. Rosa flees from an immigration roundup of "illegals" at a Los Angeles sweat shop where she is employed, and obtains a job as a domestic worker. Enrique is hired as a busboy in an elegant restaurant, rather than having to do unskilled day labor. They go to school to learn English so that they can advance in their new life. The high point is reached when Enrique is promoted to assistant waiter and proudly displays his tuxedo-uniform to his sister. He feels he is on his way to being respected as a man.

Then, as was bound to happen, things go wrong. Enrique experiences the bitter dog-eat-dog competition between workers and loses his job. He begins to realize what it means to be an illegal. He will always be part of the underclass. Finally, we see him standing in a lineup of unemployed Latinos. He is wearing his father's hat—carried with him from Guatemala and carefully preserved. Some men in a truck are rounding up a work crew. They call for *brazos*. After a moment's pained hesitation, Enrique raises both his arms in the air. The dream has died.

What is evident is that the United States, though an important part of the problem, cannot provide the ultimate solution for millions of Central American peasants trying to escape murder and the endless cycle of poverty. Their only hope is to transform their own societies. Difficult as that task is, it is made far worse by the secret war waged against them by the CIA.

In his memoir, *Undercover*, E. Howard Hunt brags about his role in the destruction of Guatemala's elected Arbenz government. He sees these tragic events through the eyes of the victors. "El Norte" is about the victims.

— Walter and Miriam Schneir

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Books

The File

By Penn Kimball
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95

It's easy to sneer at Penn Kimball's "unnerving account" of how he was accidentally caught in the government's snoop apparatus and labelled a security risk (and possibly a spy) for over 30 years. He is of impeccably white Anglo-Saxon establishment stock, the kind of person who certainly would have helped run our State or Defense Department. With his Princeton education and "correct" social connections, he was even prime material for CIA recruitment. Instead, in his perfectly conventional youth, he jinked just one small degree to the left—joined the Newspaper Guild, supported a strike and briefly worked for a liberal New York newspaper called *PM*—and unbeknownst to him got tagged as a leftie unsuitable for government work. He didn't discover this until 1977, with passage of the Freedom of Information Act, when his rage exploded righteously and he set out to find out why "his" government (which in a sense he and his class own) had so wronged him. The very naivete and earnestness of his pursuit of his anonymous informants is what gives his book its charm, even a curious and antique excitement.

My unfair feeling of superiority to Kimball, I suppose, is that of the crude corner boy versed in gutter life toward the well-dressed, middle-class "Percy" with the Buster Brown collar and straight-arrow demeanor whose ideological cherry has just been dented. I am a second-generation security risk who has always assumed that the moment you open your mouth to oppose the U.S. government some dum-dum gumshoe, spook or hack secret policeman will be at your shoulder taking it all down in his notebook—and getting it wrong. My father was jailed for opposing American entry into World War I, my mother was beaten by deputy sheriffs paid by textile barons who then blacklisted her, and I cherish my own FBI-Naval Intelligence-Air Force Intelligence-CIA files as proof of my solid citizenship in much the same way that a Daughter of the American Revolution prizes her Mayflower geneology papers. It all depends on what your definition of a good citizen is.

But enough of sneering. Penn Kimball is a good man who, as a World War II Marine correspondent, had a "good war," raised a decent family and fulfilled an honorable American destiny in his chosen profession. For 25 years he's been a journalism professor at Columbia. In truth, he didn't deserve his file of lies, innuendo and red-baiting canards.

According to sweet, innocent Prof. Kimball, "The FBI in its time has investigated thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of Americans." That "perhaps" tells its own sad story of political provincialism. Penn Kimball has been so shielded from certain dirty realities that his mind cannot actually absorb the possibility that government spooks keep *millions* of files on us all. Like Donovan's Brain in the science-fiction tale, they expand by a natural law of bureaucratic entropy, overlowing file cabinets into computer software, filling up dungeons of warehouses probably by now underground in disused air-raid shelters and salt mines in North Dakota. Especially in the so-called Joe McCarthyite 1950's, it was a rare citizen indeed who did not have someone blab on him. And it was all dutifully taken down, noted, (mis)-interpreted and filed away for some vague future action. Kimball seems not only fatally uninterested in the injuries meted out to his fellow sufferers but as a once-active journalist, on *Time* magazine and the *New York Times*, he seems never even to have known that the U.S. Senate, spearheaded by Democratic liberals like Hubert Humphrey and Scott Lucas, once specifically legislated concentration camps for radicals in the event of a war crisis with Russia.

Yet innocence such as Kimball's carries its own integrity and conviction. His book has the undeniable eloquence of the virgin defiled and crying aloud for justice if not vengeance. And he has a case. "I have no embarrassing secrets," he is at terrible pains to persuade the reader. "I never had any trouble with the law. I rarely sign petitions. I never joined anything that could be remotely classified as subversive." Poor Penn Kimball, in other words, has hardly lived up to the true temper of his time. He was never dragged up before an investigating committee, nor brushed shoulders with any communists, socialists or other alien breeds. "There is," he insists, "a classical purity to the case against me in my file. It is 100 percent hearsay." Kimball misses the point. Hearsay was the indespensable steel wire that tied the government's official web of lies tightly in place. Hearsay is the FBI's Biblical truth; truth is as irrelevant as Kimball's repeated protestations of purity.

***Penn Kimball, author of* The File**

I wonder what, if anything, Kimball would think of the tens of thousands of radical Americans, like myself, who *deserved* to be in those fatal files simply because they did engage in socially useful activity like rent strikes, union organization or—God forbid—joined Marxist groups? But perhaps I miss the underlying subtlety of his argument. Is it possible that he is playing a more sophisticated game than at first glance appears, and that his attack on the spy system is all the more effective because of his insistence on a character profile that, when you come right down to it, is much more like a CIA agent than a native American Red?

He is a factory owner's son whose mother was Connecticut's first female elected official. At Princeton in the 1930's, he hobnobbed with all the right people but also joined a madcap collegiate group called Veterans of Future Wars. That was Mistake #1. Then, on the liberal if short-lived newspaper *PM* and later as a national affairs writer on *Time*, he was mildly pro-union and even defended the North American Aircraft strike in 1940, which was also Communist-backed. Mistakes 2 and 3. At *Time* he was a loyal member of the "Semper Fi" group, Marine veterans hired by an ex-Marine boss. But he also somehow ran afoul of another *Time* writer and bitter anti-Communist factionalist with the wonderfully apt name Gilbert Cant, as well as a vaguely bilious woman researcher he dubs "Ms. Real World" who took a dislike to his "quick tongue and pugnacious arguments." Mistakes 4 and 5. (He also worked at the *New York Times* under a traditionally hardass editor, Lester Markel, whom the FBI, with gruesome inaccuracy, labeled a Red.)

Eventually Kimball discovered that another *Time* writer, Eddie Lockett, who hardly knew him, talked disparagingly to the FBI about him. It almost goes without saying that one of nature's super-finks, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., also spread the word that Kimball "was either a Communist or fellow traveler." Remember, this was back when differences between a pro-Truman American for Democratic Actionist and a Wallaceite Democrat could set up

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personal enmities that for depth of hatred rivalled the theological quarrels of the Middle Ages.

And so it piled up, rumor on untruth on prejudice on personal dislike on lynch-fever fib on top of nothing whatever. Kimball's crowning error, aside from being born, was once on a whim in 1947 to apply for a Foreign Service post. That was enough to trigger the original "investigation" that did not end until he induced some of his personal friends in Washington in the late 1970's to shred his file in some embarrassment.

For anyone who has ever undergone FBI scrutiny, Kimball's complaints sound almost tiresomely familiar. Unsubstantiated allegations . . . misinterpreted raw material . . . obsessive focus on the negative by FBI agents . . . the guarantee all accusers had of not being confronted by the accused . . . the sense of being ground up like hogmeat in a grinder . . . J. Edgar Hoover's dependence on neurotic liars . . . the gross exaggerations . . . the immortality of errors once they crept into a governement file . . . the spreading taint to one's closest and dearest relatives (his wife Janet got smeared as well) . . .

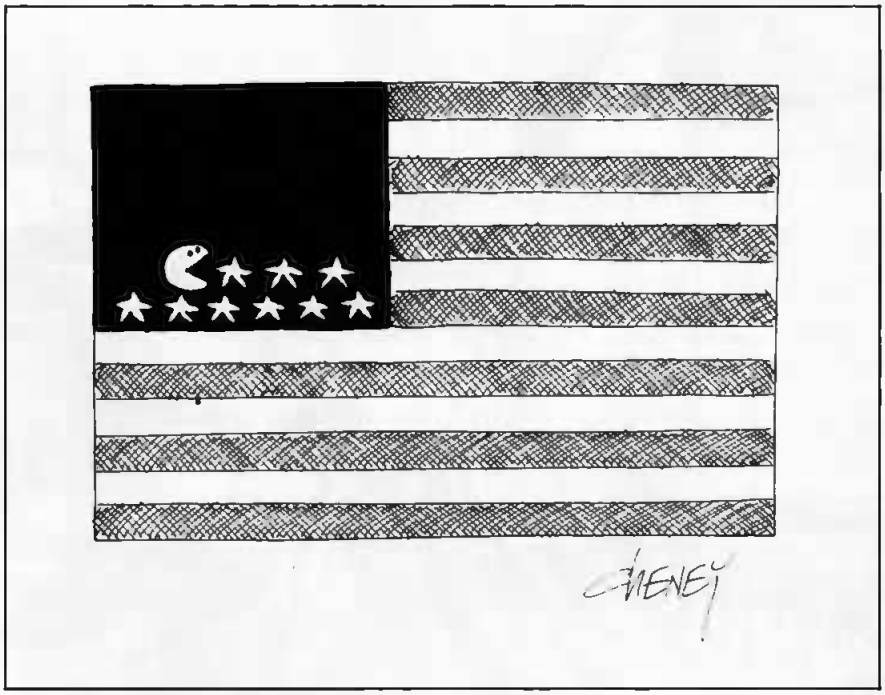
If this were all there was to Kimball's book, it would simply be yet another whine about justice denied a human being whose name fell into the wrong computer. But there are two vital differences. One is the hint he drops that the real significance of his case, "beyond my own indignation, is that the record shows mine was a pilot case for initiating a whole new system of loyalty checks by the administration of Harry S. Truman." This sounds credible to me. If "they" could make a case against someone as ultra-respectable as Penn Kimball—and make it stick—then how much easier it would be to crack down on all the real cold war oppositionists.

But by far the most dramatic part of his book, and what really makes it readable, is his puritanical doggedness in personally tracking down accusers whose names either he found or deduced from his FOI file. Gilbert Cant was still so psychotically bitter about long-faded quarrels with the New York Communists in the 1940's that he missed almost altogether the point of Kimball's angry lunch with him in 1979. Another semi-professional informer, the notorious *New York Post* editor James Wechsler, a youthful ex-Red who may have traded the names he gave the Unamerican Committee for his own skin, avoided and evaded Kimball and finally never returned his call. "Ms. Real World" denied everything. Other informants died before Kimball could get to them. They'd been getting old, and perhaps there really was a time, 40 or 50 years ago, when nice people spoke to the FBI without ever understanding how damaging their loose tongues would be to their friends and associates.

The marvelous thing is that, once he became determined that the whole damn thing was unAmerican, Kimball actually went into action like a good U.S. Marine infantryman. My hat's off to him. It took him five years of his life from the moment his file, wrapped in a plain brown wrapper like a piece of pornography, dropped through his mail box. But he got his own form of satisfaction: he got the government, *his* government, to half-apologize. (Admittedly, it helped to adroitly use some top-level pals, but by God they tore up his file in the end.)

Kimball isn't a revenge-driven man. He's just a good thoughtful American on the march, and more power to him. All he ever really wanted was to live a quiet life and serve his country. What he didn't know, perhaps may not know to this day, is that life really isn't like that any more, and it doesn't matter how nice a guy you are. The "security services" who hardly ever secure anything except their own jobs will come and find you wherever and whoever you are. How much more noble Kimball's story would have been if they'd hanged him for a goat as well as a sheep. ■

Clancy Sigal



The Pursuit of Virtue and Other Tory Notions

Statecraft as Soulcraft: What Government Does

by George F. Will
Simon & Schuster, Inc.

George F. Will has made a career of being the kind of guy you wouldn't hesitate to buy a used car from. Unfortunately for the public, Will isn't a used-car dealer; in a column for *Newsweek*, in the *Washington Post* and 300 other dailies, as a political commentator for ABC News, he is a peddler of half-baked political ideas wrapped around some very over-done prejudices.

Whether he is poking fun at the morally debilitating effects of fast food or deriding the quality of public education, George Will has always struck a tone somewhere between the urgent severity of television's now-retired Eric Sevareid and the mildly down-home but perceptive whining of Andy Rooney. Will's columns are in fact the ideal complement to television-style reportage: cleverly composed, witty, pointed, occasionally elegant and incisive

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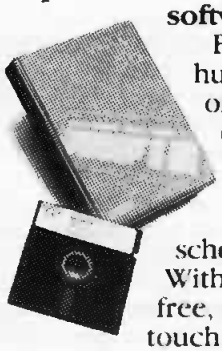

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tidbits of persuasion designed to put the reader in awe of the author's verbal acrobatics. No wonder ABC has taken advantage of his ability to speak in sentences without the use of an idiot card.

What most appeals to Will fans, however, is the even-keeled soothing tone that matches his button-down preppy looks. His principal trademark is an agreeable disposition bordering on the unctuous. Whether he's writing about consumerism, the Chicago Cubs, Solidarity or hostages in Iran, Will never fails to promote an image of himself as a gracious balanced observer with a sensible point of view. When Reagan needed someone to shill for him on his way to the White House in 1980, he couldn't have made a better choice than George F. Will.

It is more to Reagan's credit than to Will's that the two became such close friends. Will knows how to behave in Washington, where petty sniping on the social circuit can sink a presidency as surely as misguided or disastrous policies. As Reagan ascended to high office, he was one of the first columnists to pay homage. Alexander Cockburn captured the moment brilliantly in the *Village Voice* when he described Will as standing at the head of a line of sycophant journalists anxious "to crook the knee and gobble cock." Will has since been frequently caricatured as the steady steed and court jester of the Reagan presidency. In fact he has been more of a red-carpet layer for Reagan's grand entry.

Last summer's discovery that the Carter debate briefing book had been stolen by Reagan spies before the debate also shed light on a new side of Will's devotion to Reagan. He admitted to having seen the Carter papers during a rehearsal for the debate at which he coached Reagan. It was no surprise that Will would take the time to serve as Reagan's intellectual hairdresser. With George Will's grooming, Reagan was made ready for the big city that had been so cruel to his predecessor. Will paved the way, making sure that Ronnie wouldn't stumble over his ruralisms the way Jimmy had. What did surprise a lot of people was that Will loaded the deck in Reagan's favor by then going on ABC and commenting on the debate without telling the audience that he had personally tutored one of the participants. Naturally, he likened Reagan's performance to that of a thoroughbred. There were those who thought Will's double duty as coach and commentator was inappropriate, and the *New York Daily News* dropped his column.

But Will remains the most polished and articulate spokesman for the New Right, and he is regarded as one of the strongest influences on Reagan's thinking. Were it not for these facts, Will and most of what he writes could be easily dismissed as irrelevant. But history is unkind and George Will has become a bright star in Reagan's firmament. Will's mild-mannered conservative image appeals to the rough-shod administration as a good way to counterbalance the rabid gunslinger rhetoric and actions that occasionally rankle people with class and more often frighten the rest of the country half to death.

Through his gentle, cajoling columns, Will has managed to disguise the fact that he is neither conservative nor liberal, but pure authoritarian. Over a hundred of his favorite editorials have been reprinted in *The Pursuit of Virtue and Other Tory Notions*. This potpourri covers everything and everyone: Hubert Humphrey, Rodeo Drive, abortion, pornography, Josef Stalin and the U.S. census. The tempo is always up, the mood ever nostalgic for apple pie and for the dimly lit smoky orthodoxy Will finds so compelling about anything Roman Catholic.

A persistent theme is that Americans abuse their freedom, are poorly trained to perform their civic duties, and too involved in the pursuit of self-interest to serve the public good. Will is also a steadfast opponent of laissez-faire capitalism and the excesses it has bred in terms of private greed. But Will's first love is neither a liberal nor conservative vision of utopia, but a strong central state that can look after the welfare of its citizens while it *dictates* traditional values to them: Big Brother With a Smile.

His latest volume, *Statecraft as Soulcraft: What Government Does*, is a book-length atempt to reconcile Will's insistence that he is a conservative with his arguments for the creation of a powerful welfare state. Will's central argument is that it is government's responsibility to look after the spiritual and moral welfare of society. He believes that in the western tradition, governments have always accepted this responsibility up until the present. Starting with Machiavelli, Hobbes, Locke and the Founding Fathers, political philosophers began to make a cosmic error based on a definition of man as consisting of his self-interest. This original sin of political theory resulted in the design of governments that were charged above all else with the protection of the individual's self-interest. The Constitution and the traditions stemming from it have, according to Will, been overly concerned with the protection of individual freedom at the expense of society and the common good. Will cites the excesses of capitalist exploitation and the abuse of individual freedoms as consequences that threaten society as a whole. "Even more injurious than the flood of obscenity . . . ," complains Will, "have been the arguments for letting it loose. One argument is that the concept of 'obscenity' is too subjective a category for other than capricious use in law. So *Hustler* magazine must be protected or else *Ulysses* cannot be protected."

By refusing to interfere in the moral education and guidance of society, Will argues, government is failing society. He would have the state define morality for its citizens. Much of *Statecraft*, in fact, is dedicated to showing exactly how the Foundling Fathers and everyone since, with the exception of Abraham Lincoln, have been misled by the idea of man as a bundle of self-interest. To this end, he quotes with wild abandon every possible authority from Aristotle to Ronald Reagan, leading the reader on a roller coaster tour of Bartlett's.

With his heroes and villains established, Will ventures forth with his own profound formula in words which he seems certain will some day be enshrined alongside those of Thomas Aquinas and Alexis de Tocqueville. What we need, he explains, is "a literature of cheerful sociability, novels of social 'thickness' that make society seem a complex but friendly place where social relationships facilitate rather than frustrate individualism and 'self-realization.' And we need a public philosophy that can rectify the current imbalance between the political order's meticulous concern for material well-being and its fastidious withdrawal from concern for the inner lives and moral character of citizens." In short, what Will is asking for are more inspirational novels among the books selected for *Reader's Digest* condensation, and more government involvement in the inner lives of its citizens.

Statecraft offers no prescriptions for *how* government should go about meddling in the inner lives of citizens. Will is smart enough to avoid practical recommendations in such potentially troublesome terrain. There is always Ronald Reagan, and even less savory types waiting in the wings, who will gladly formulate specific policies to assist the state in concerning itself with the inner lives and moral character of its citizens. Jerry Falwell, for one, would be more than happy to spell out the A-B-C's.

Will prances through *Statecraft as Soulcraft* without once considering the reasons for keeping government *out* of the individual's personal and moral affairs. He does cite Madison's fear of 'a tyranny of the majority,' but ignores the long and horrendous history of governments interfering in the inner lives of their citizens. Will casually ignores the compelling reasons for the libertarian tradition's obsession with safe-guarding personal freedom and concentrates on what he considers to be abuses of rights guaranteed under the First Amendment.

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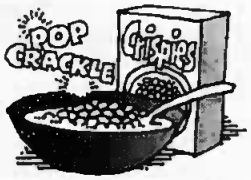

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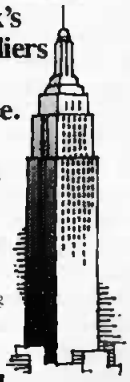

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Books

Despite his reluctance to define clearly what a policy of "soulcraft" would consist of, Will stands ready to barter away these rights in exchange for a more powerful central state which would govern with moral purpose. He provides no clue as to who would determine the moral standards by which such a state would rule; nor does he confide what tradition those standards would uphold.

Will has written the perfect companion guide for 1984. But none of this would be scary had not Reagan *adopted* him as a personal friend and unofficial philosopher. Will's elitist notions provide the Administration with a respectable rationale for repression. ■

The WPA Guide to New York City

Federal Writer's Project of the Works Progress Administration
Pantheon Books, $8.95

There was probably nothing ironic in Pantheon Books' decision to re-issue a series of guides to American cities produced by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration during the '30s and '40s; after all, they didn't announce the initial offering *The WPA Guide to New York City*, as "Songs for a new Depression." But this nicely produced book, at once nostalgic curiosity and useful guide, does serve as a reminder of an unusual felicity of the New Deal. The Depression (the big famous '30s one, not the *current* one, cosmetically termed a "recession," from which we are expediently and politically and swiftly "recovering," but don't ask too many questions about national debt and balanced budgets and interest rates) wasn't *all* bad.

Through Franklin Delano Roosevelt's Works Progress Administration, hundreds of thousands of the unemployed were put to work for the government, resulting in a lot of nice roads and bridges and rather grandiose public buildings. And, though it's almost impossible to believe in a time when federal support for the arts has virtually disappeared, with only a suggestion to private industry that it pick up the slack, the government became a major employer of the arts. Many of those public buildings were adorned with murals painted by WPA artists and monuments hewn by WPA sculptors. (These provided another cottage industry in the '50s when a new political climate determined the unsuitability of these artworks, based upon the supposed political leanings of the artists, and employed a new battalion of federal workers to either paint over or dismantle, as the case might be.)

Painters painted, sculptors sculpted, actors acted, and writers wrote. And the Federal Writers' Project initiated an ambitious series of comprehensive guides to all 48 states and a number of city guides, illustrated by WPA photographers, cartographers, and artists. The guides were handsomely produced, reasonably priced (from $2.00 to $3.00 in hardback), and enthusiastically reviewed: Lewis Mumford said (in the *New Republic*) "This series of American guidebooks is the first attempt, on a comprehensive scale, to make the country itself worthily known to Americans . . . These guidebooks are the finest contribution to American patriotism that has been made in our generation."

The New York Guide transports us to the relatively halcyon period of the late '30s, when the city was in a suspended state between the economic stagnation of the Depression and the unanticipated postwar prosperity and building boom. The East Side-West Side, Uptown-Downtown grid of Manhattan, a cartographer's dream, is further subdivided for the guide's purposes into neighborhoods. The individual essays on the growth and history of each neighborhood, from the Battery and the Lower East Side through Greenwich Village, Chelsea, Gramercy Park, right up to Morningside Heights and Harlem (carefully subdivided into Negro, Spanish, and Italian Harlem!) are a delight for the historian and urban archeologist. (But don't look for mention of the '70s and '80s phenomena, SoHo and TriBeCa. In the '30s, artists stayed in Greenwich Village, where they belonged.)

The boroughs are not slighted: major sections are devoted to Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Queens, and a separate section describes the harbor, the rivers, and their islands. The detail is astonishing and comprehensive: from a map of the various shopping districts (from Italian Pushcart Districts to Fireworks!) to a list of the fossils on display at the Museum of Natural History (from dinosaur eggs to a Tyrannosaurus). The 700 pages of text are illustrated with 89 photographs, 81 prints, and 38 maps, plus a guide to the 1939 New York World's Fair.

And no matter how many times you remind yourself about the facts of inflation and the '80s dollar versus the '30s one, the heart still leaps at the thought of a $7 room at the Plaza Hotel, when rents in Manhattan were such that 36 percent of its tenants paid from $30 to $59 a month in rent, 20 percent under $19 a month! And the guide could say, sternly, in its paean to the subway system, that "The five-cent fare—a recurring issue in municipal politics—is not likely to be increased in the immediate or distant future. The New Yorkers is extremely sensitive on this point." The New Yorker is *still* extremely sensitive on this point, the more so because the fare has just been announced as increasing to 90 cents from 75 cents. (That makes the current price of this guide—$8.95—just about equal to 10 subway rides. Bargain City, as it were.) And when the guide says, cozily, that "Minor adventures are not uncommon," they're not thinking of picked pockets or holdups; a honeymooning couple might be swept apart by the crowds and spend "several hours of horrible anxiety before being reunited by the police."

The guide is perplexed at strangers getting lost in the subway, since maps are "conspicuously" posted; before the invention of paint spray-cans, one supposes that these maps could actually be *read*. (Imagine the graphics on the outside of subway cars if the WPA had financed a Federal Graffitti Project) (With enlightened self-interest, the guide does mention that "Proposals that WPA artists and sculptors decorate the walls of the city-owned stations have been considered.) One wonders if the subways hadn't been around long enough to acquire the all-pervasive odor of urine that so often greets the traveler who descends belowground today.

The WPA Guide to New York City seems especially timely in a newly revitalized and proud New York (after the financial depths of the '70s, when the *New York Daily News* could characterize the federal government's response to New York's fiscal crisis as "Ford to New York: 'Drop Dead.' ") In 1939, the guide points out that New York City's population had dropped by 171,000 in the previous decade, "and this shifting of population represents a trend that is likely to continue as a result of the development of cheap transportation to the suburbs." In the succeeding decades, this trend has reversed itself several times: right now, though, there has been a serious loss of manufacturing (due to the premium of more lucrative retail and residential land-use), there appears to be a return of corporations from the suburbs to which they fled in the '60s and '70s.

And New York is still the "center of the universe," as William H. Whyte, author of *The Organization Man*, points out in his new Introduction. So, as Fred Ebb wrote (in *New York, New York*), "If you can make it there, you'll make it anywhere" and therefore, "another hundred people just got off of the train" (in Stephen Sondheim's *Company*.) Those people could do worse than to come off the train clutching a copy of *The WPA Guide to New York City*.

Pantheon has just brought out *The WPA Guide to Washington, D.C.*, and we eagerly anticipate the rest of the series. ■

—Meredith Brody

An open letter from CREAM

"Educate the masses and tyranny will vanish."–Thomas Jefferson

We believe, like many of our fellow citizens, that 1984 has an ominous feel about it.

We also believe that the situations we face in this country and the world are serious–but not hopeless.

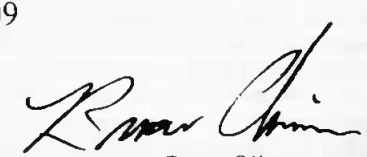
We are the Committee for the Right to Equal Access to the Media. The issue of equal access is one of the most important in our society, an issue that touches all of us every day. What people don't know *can* and *does* hurt them. The battle for control of information has been going on for hundreds of years, and some members of the print and broadcast media are not presenting the full range of thought and information. An increasing amount of the news and opinion they purvey is inaccurate. It is to *them* that we at the Committee address our efforts in 1984. The Committee was formed in late 1983 to accomplish one goal: aid legitimate groups and individuals that are having a problem in acquiring access to the media, whether it is paid advertising, public service or issues covered by the Fairness Doctrine.

In our very short history we have already identified over 100 groups that may have legally supportable cases of unjust access denial. In one case, as a result of direct action by the Committee, the *Washington Post* changed its position and printed an ad it had previously refused.

Direct action is the second punch in our strategy: Pickets, boycotts and court action will continue to be a powerful and visible expression of our presence in the system. Perhaps the most significant of our efforts in 1984 will be in the area of educating the public about censorship in the electronic and print media.

We feel the American people must recognize the importance of a free, accurate and accessible media to the preservation of democratic principles. We feel that a massive education campaign about the full implications and guarantees of the First Amendment must begin immediately. We must all be aware of what our rights are in order to protect them from the silent erosion we see taking place in our society today. We invite you to join us in our efforts to make 1984 a victorious year for First Amendment rights.

Please send donation to:
1635 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20009



Bruce Oliver
Executive Director

Committee for the Right to Equal Access to the Media

Rebel Round-Up

THREE JUDGES were among 10 men indicted December 14 on charges of corruption after a three-and-a-half-year federal investigation of the Cook County Circuit Court, code-named Operation Greylord. U. S. Attorney Dan Webb called it the longest undercover operation in United States history. The two current and one former judges are accused of taking bribes from lawyers and other figures. FBI agents posed as corrupt prosecuters and defense lawyers, and bugged a judge's chambers, to gain evidence needed to bring the case to trial. One suspect has apparently fled the country; another shot himself only hours before he was due to testify before the grand jury. (*New York Times*)

AFGHAN REBELS are financing the struggle against Soviet troops occupying their country through the sale of opium, much of which ends up in the United States refined as heroin, according to Drug Enforcement Administration con-

AP WIDE WORLD

Sen. Paula Hawkins

gressional liaison David Melocik. He made the revelation at a press conference for Sen. Paula Hawkins (R-Florida), who returned in mid-December from a six nation anti-drug trip. Melocik estimated that 50 percent of the heroin on America's streets comes from the "fertile crescent" of Southern Asia, including Afghanistan. The CIA supports those rebel forces with small arms and ammunition, often supplied by third parties through Pakistan. (*San Francisco Chronicle*)

INDIAN COUNTERESPIONAGE agents caught a retired Indian general who admits he sold military secrets to the CIA. His confession named four U.S. Embassy officials as taking part in the plot. The incident, which has gone before Parliament for debate, implicates the United States directly for the first time in the largest espionage scandal in India's history. Indian newspapers have named American diplomat Harry L. Wetherbee, first secretary of the embassy who left abruptly in late November, as a CIA spy who sought information on Soviet weapons furnished to the Asian nation. The United States was said to be especially interested in details of the recently designed MiG-29 plane. (*Los Angeles Times; San Francisco Chronicle*)

FBI VETERAN H. Edward Tickel Jr., a burglary specialist for the bureau before his conviction for obstruction of justice, tax evasion, and dealing in stolen diamonds, charges that an FBI team made an illegal entry into the offices of the late Allen Dorfman, reputed mob financier convicted earlier this year of trying to bribe Sen. Howard Cannon of Nevada. Tickel's allegations, hotly denied by six other FBI agents and federal prosecuters, may determine the outcome of a labor racketeering case in San Francisco. On trial are the Oakland and San Jose bosses of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees union, accused of plotting to turn the administration of their $7 million health and pension funds over to Dorfman. (*San Francisco Examiner*)

ATLANTIC CITY Mayor Michael Matthews went into hiding for 10 days after an FBI raid at his offices. The agents, pursuing an investigation of organized crime infiltration of the city's gambling operations, took with them the mayor's appointment book, phone records, and campaign documents, to deliver to a grand jury empaneled for the probe. The mayor reappeared, telling reporters he had spent the time "on a short vacation" in Florida. Reportedly Matthews became a target after a business agent for a corrupt union local introduced an undercover FBI agent, posing as a land developer, to the mayor. (*Wall Street Journal; San Francisco Chronicle*)

MICHELE SINDONA, the high flying Italian financier imprisoned in New York for the fraudulent bankruptcy of Franklin National Bank, may be extradited to Italy to stand trial for the murder of Giorgio Ambrosoli, a lawyer who was shot after investigating the flow of money through Sindona-controlled banks in Italy. Ambrosoli's killer is thought to have been William Arico, a Long Island man serving time for bail jumping and making false statements in an unrelated case. (Arico was fingered by informant Henry Hill, a key figure in the Lufthansa robbery at Kennedy Airport a few years ago.) Sindona is also wanted in Italy for laundering money to support Mafia heroin sales out of Sicily. (*New York Times, Panorama*)

ROBERT VESCO, the fugitive financier wanted by the U.S. government for looting $224 million from Investors Overseas Services mutual fund, has been linked to Cuban-sponsored drug trafficking. Now NBC News reports that Vesco secretly helped the Grenadan government of for-

Robert Vesco

mer leftist ruler Maurice Bishop build its controversial airstrip. Vesco, at the request of Fidel Castro, allegedly arranged through a drug smuggler intermediary to hire a Florida dredging firm as one of the airport contractors. Vesco's contact in Grenada was said to be Bernard Coard, the militant deputy prime minister who overthrew and killed Bishop shortly before the U.S. invasion. (*Oakland Tribune*)

THE BLOODY Philadelphia Mafia war has flared up again (see The Rebel, #1). The latest victims in the 4 year-old bloodletting—which began with the 1980 shotgun-assassination of Philadelphia Mafia boss Angelo Bruno—are two relatives of

mobster Harry "the Hunchback" Riccobene who has himself survived several attempts on his life. Robert Riccobene was gunned down in what police called a "mob hit" as he tried to flee over a backyard fence at his mother's home. Several days later an attempt was made on the life of a leader of the rival mob faction, Salvatore Testa, whose father—Bruno's successor, Philip "Chicken Man" Testa—was killed by a nail bomb planted outside his house in 1981. A few days later the body of Enrico Riccobene was discovered in the Philadelphia jewelry store which he owned. Police say he shot himself after learning that rival faction members—including Sal Testa—were on their way to kill him. Testa, Larry Merlino, Philip "Crazy Phil" Leonetti and Favio Iannerelli—all reportedly loyal to jailed Atlantic City Mafia kingpin Nicodemo Scarfo—were allegedly "shopping" in the vicinity of Riccobene's jewelry store an hour before the shooting. The continuing battle for control of the Philadelphia-South Jersey drug, gambling and loan-sharking rackets has thus far claimed at least 22 victims. *(The Press,* [Atlantic City]; *Newark Star-Ledger, Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*

LOS ANGELES POLICE Chief Daryl Gates has denounced as a "damn lie" the allegation from a top aide to L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley that both he and Bradley knew in late 1981 that an LAPD intelligence detective had installed a computer terminal in his wife's law office to transmit

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Chief Daryl Gates

police department intelligence data on leftist groups to a right-wing intelligence firm headed by the late U.S. Rep. Larry McDonald of Georgia. In a deposition for the upcoming ACLU-police "spy trial," Gates said he was not made aware of the computer's existence until January, 1983 and had no previous knowledge of detective Jay Paul's intelligence-gathering work outside the LAPD. The computer was reportedly paid for by McDonald—the chairman of the board of the Virginia-based intelligence network called Western Goals—who was killed last September when the Korean Air Lines jet was shot down by the Soviet Union. *(Daily News, Los Angeles)*

NEWLY RELEASED DOCUMENTS reveal that the late FBI director J. Edgar Hoover ordered reports prepared on allegations that then-President Dwight Eisenhower was engaged in extra-marital affairs. The documents, from the file of Hoover's assistant director Louis B. Nichols and obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, also reveal FBI break-ins and other activities in pursuit of charges of personal misconduct by public officials. The Nichols file—marked "official and

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J. Edgar Hoover

confidential" and containing information of a "sensitive" nature that Hoover was interested in but did not want made part of the official FBI records—provide additional evidence of Hoover's long-suspected efforts to gather embarrassing information about public officials.

Documents in the file show that the FBI attempted to substantiate allegations that Eisenhower was carrying on an affair with his former aide, Kay Summersby. The Bureau also pursued information—gleaned from a wiretap on a suspected mobster named John Vitali—that Ike was interested in the pretty wife of a counsel for the General Services Administration. *(Washington Post; U.S. News & World Report)*

THE ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE of the B'nai B'rith has discovered another Nazi war criminal who was employed by the United States government for 11 years after World War II. He is a Belgian Nazi named Robert Jan Verbelen, described as being responsible for mass murder and torture in Belgium before and during the war. Despite the fact that among the crimes for which he was convicted by a Belgian military court was the torture of two U.S. pilots, he was nevertheless hired by the U.S. Army counterintelligence in 1946 under the name of Alfred H. Schwab. The ADL—which said the Army was aware of Schwab's real identity—likened the case to that of Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyons," who worked for the U.S. Army after being sentenced to death as a Nazi war criminal by a French court. Verbelen is now 72 and living in Austria where he became an agent for the state police. The United States Attorney General William French Smith, has been asked to investigate the Verbelen affair. *(International Herald Tribune)*

A FORMER WASHINGTON lobbyist from the Johnson era, the city attorney of East Orange, New Jersey, and a former bank vice-president were among 15 people indicted by a federal grand jury in Washington, D.C. in connection with an alleged nationwide cocaine-distribution and money-laundering scheme. A year-long investigation by agents of the IRS, the U.S. Customs Service, the FBI and the Drug Enforcement Administration resulted in the December 9th indictments which charged that the defendants bought Colombian cocaine from various Miami dealers, distributed it to locations throughout the U.S., and laundered over $1 million in drug money through the Riggs National Bank in Washington D.C.

The former lobbyist is Fred B. Black Jr., who attained notoriety in the 1960's as a business associate of convicted LBJ aide Robert (Bobby) Baker, and whose hotel suite was allegedly bugged in 1963 in connection with a tax evasion case. Black, Baker and three gambling associates of the late mob financier Meyer Lansky were all partners in the Serv-U Corporation, a vending company which serviced major government contractors. Baker, Black, Edward Levinson (one of the Lansky associates and a convicted casino skimmer), along with former Lieutenant Governor and gambling figure Clifford Jones and labor racketeer Mike Singer, were all partners together in the Waikiki Savings and Loan Association in Honolulu (the late Singer, a high-level Teamster and convicted extortionist, was once dissuaded by Jimmy Hoffa from trying to kill Bobby Kennedy). *(Washington Post;* Bobby Baker, *Wheeling and Dealing;* Ed Reid & Ovid Demaris, *The Green Felt Jungle)*

Rebel News

Rights Groups Present Charges of U.S. Wrongdoing in Grenada

Two human rights groups recently urged Secretary of State George Shultz to direct United States troops to stop alleged abuses of civil liberties in Grenada.

In a letter to the Secretary of State, the American Civil Liberties Union and the Americas Watch, a human rights organization, sharply criticized the reported activities of U.S. forces in Grenada. Another letter detailing the groups' concerns was also sent to the occupied island's Governor General, Paul Scoon.

Maurice Bishop

Ira Glasser, Executive Director of the ACLU, said alleged abuses by U.S. forces include the arrest, detention and interrogation of Grenadians and foreign nationals without probable cause, warrantless searches of persons, and warnings against participation in activities considered hostile to the present government. "Because no official has stated publicly that these activities are wrong, or will not occur again," the letter read, "we urge that you publicly direct U.S. go personnel to cease and desist from such activities as long as they remain in Grenada."

Glasser said the human rights group obtained details of the allegations during a fact-finding mission to Grenada on November 18th to 22nd. He said the groups were also concerned about certain activities of a psychological operations unit.

"There is a unit of the United States Army," he said, "that has prepared and circulated posters, depicting Hudson Austin and former Vice Premier Bernard Coard in humiliating positions, with blindfolds and hands secured behind their backs." He added, "We are concerned that these posters, prepared and circulated by the U.S. Army, may have an impact on the fundamental fairness of any subsequent trials that may be initiated by the Grenadan government against these individuals for their participation in the government of slain Prime Minister Maurice Bishop."

Glasser said, "Trial by poster is not in keeping with democratic traditions, or American values. It's the kind of thing you expect in totalitarian countries. And it is not the kind of thing you expect American troops, under the direction of American officials, to indulge themselves in."

One thousand of the troops in the U.S. invasionary force have been withdrawn from Grenada. The White House proudly announced last month that the last of the combat troops had been brought home—Washington says only support troops are left. Those support troops, however, number 1,200; they are soldiers, and they are well armed.

Glasser said a copy of the letter had also been sent to President Reagan. —*B.D.*

AP/WIDE WORLD

U.S. troops hold Cuban and Grenadan prisoners at Point Salines Airfield

Marcos Attacks Human Rights Report

The United States-supported government of President Ferdinand Marcos recently accused a New York-based lawyer's group of bad faith and questionable ethics, saying it had maliciously distorted human rights conditions in the Philippines.

President Ferdinand Marcos

A statement issued by the government's office of Media Affairs described as "perplexing and appalling" the attitude of the Lawyers' Committee for International Human Rights in releasing a report critical of the Philippines.

Diane Orentlicker, Deputy Director of the Lawyers' Committee, said the 142-page report indicated, among other things, that military abuses have increased in the Philippines since martial law was lifted in the country in 1981. Orentlicker said, "The abuses that the report focuses on are the most grave human rights abuses that are of concern to organizations like ours." She said the abuses included political killing, torture and disappearances. Orentlicker also cited concern among lawyers in the Philippines that the executive branch interferes with the administration of the judiciary in national security cases. "I think the major area of concern is that reports and complaints of military abuses

are not thoroughly investigated," she said.

The committee's report, according to Orentlicker, was compiled from information and testimony gathered and verified over a period of years. Members of the Lawyer's Committee pointed out that last year the Marcos government leveled the same sort of charges against the London-based human rights group, Amnesty International, when the group filed its own critical report.

The United States has a massive military presence in the Philippines. Washington has also been generous with economic aid. Orentlicker said, "The Reagan Administration has pledged to seek congressional approval of a $900 million package of aid slated to cover the next five years."

—B.D.

Center for world's torture victims opened in Denmark

Danish doctors—shocked by the perversion of the healing profession by physicians who assist in methodically torturing human beings—have established the world's first exclusive medical center for victims of torture. Their first international seminar, held in Copenhagen earlier this year, attracted medical workers from 25 countries, including a few from Los Angeles and other U.S. cities.

"The main purpose of torture is to destroy people's identity and self-respect," Dr. Inge Kemp Genefke, the center's fiery 44-year-old director, told *The Rebel*. "Our task is to help restore the feeling of human worth and dignity; our universal duty as human beings is to aid victims of abusive governments and assenting societies.

Dr. Inge Kemp Genefke

"The torturers never lack money and means to inflict misery; healers always operate on shoestrings," Genefke continued. "It is neither money nor power that motivates our staff, but the marvelous feeling we get when a recovering patient blurts out she or he has had a good dream for the first time in ages."

Genefke and two-score colleagues at Denmark's largest medical center, Copenhagen University Hospital, have researched torture effects and have treated torture patients throughout the past two years. These experiences led them to inaugurate the International Rehabilitation and Research Center for Torture Victims.

The new center, partially functioning now but expected to be in full swing this March, operates strictly as a medical center, unconnected to politics or to Amnesty International, though the work of Amnesty's medical committee supplied the inspiration. Led by Genefke, ten Danish doctors launched the first medical group under Amnesty's auspices in 1974. The group examines torture victims in many parts of the world, conducts research into torture methods, and lobbies governments responsible for abusing prisoners. Today, 4,000 doctors belong to 30 national Amnesty chapters in both political blocs.

Dr. Genefke estimates it will cost approximately $750,000 annually to pay for a staff of two dozen doctors, nurses, psychiatrists, interpreters, lawyers, and administrators. The center will treat between 200 and 300 patients yearly at its own building located next to the main hospital, whose facilities and equipment have been made available.

Most of the center's patients come from nations where political imprisonment is almost synonymous with brutal torture. Amnesty estimates one million political prisoners exist in the world, including a few in the United States.

Most of the 70 victims and family members the doctors have examined come from Chile and Uruguay. But some, like Archana Guha, come from self-styled democratic nations. Guha was a school principal imprisoned for three years under the first Indira Gandhi regime in India. She was uninvolved politically, but when she fell under suspicion for her teachings, a house search turned up books by Karl Marx and a biography of Lenin. She was subsequently jailed and tortured, her body suspended from the so-called "parrot perch," then subjected to "falanga" (beatings on the feet), and isolation. Guha became bedridden, crippled from the waist down. A new Indian government acknowledged officials' role in the affair (a most rare admission for any government) and she was granted permission to travel to Denmark for rehabilitation. Fortunately, after some months, Genefke and her staff were able to help Guha walk again.

The hospital staff carry their work home with them.

"We all have nightmares," Genefke says, her eyebrows furrowed. "If you saw our reports you would understand why one never gets accustomed to hear and see the affects of torture. But in no way is it useful to lose oneself in confusion or despair.

"Our task is to help restore the feeling of human worth and dignity"

"We are so impressed with the tortured people we see. They are fantastic that they can survive at all. And it is those who have made personal sacrifices in order to achieve justice who, after imprisonment and torture, have the vitality to survive best, *if* they receive caring treatment. That is what we attempt to provide."

Torture patients at the Copenhagen facility are usually severely depressed, filled with dread, fearful of not being loved or of loving, and display such symptoms as insomnia, headaches, irritability, sexual disturbances or physical handicaps. Treatment takes from five to ten times as long as for other patients with similar ailments. Fortunately, Denmark's welfare society finances the economic needs of torture victims as well as offering medical treatment to them and their families. Through United Nation coordination, Denmark admits hundreds of political refugees each year from countries suffering under rightest dictatorships and leftist totalitarian systems.

Genefke herself is the daughter of an underground resistor to the five-year-long Nazi occupation of Denmark. Her husband is a university professor of theology and a firm supporter of his wife's busy life of healing.

"Ours was a home where one did not only concern oneself with the family," Genefke says shyly about her childhood. "I

Carry Style 1 : Rebel Roundup Rebel News

Physical therapist helps a victim of torture from a Chilean prison

became a doctor because I wanted to help other people achieve a good life. That work is endless."

Although Germany overran Denmark within two hours on April 9, 1940, with less than 50 Danish casualties, Denmark later became noted for saving Jewish lives. Since the end of the World War, Danes have welcomed victims of disease and political oppression from around the world. The humanitarian work of Amnesty International, for example, is well received across a broad spectrum—20,000 of the 5.3 million population are members. And regardless of one's political viewpoint, few seriously oppose the welfare social security system that provides medical care for all, with guarantees that no one goes without food or shelter.

Thousands flee to Denmark from tyranny in Latin America, Asia, Africa, and Turkey, Poland and elsewhere. They, too, benefit from the social welfare system based on a private enterprise economic structure.

"It took us a long time, a frustrating road," Genefke recalls, "to impress upon hospital administrators and politicians controlling purse strings that torture is a disease, not just a political problem best left alone by clean hands. When we first brought victims into our university hospital, most of the staff cringed. We had to overcome that sensation of avoidance-guilt, and we also have to work with the patients to rid them of a sense of guilt for having been tortured." Most all tortured give responses desired by the torturers, leading the victims to feel self-disgust.

Genefke believes it is important that doctors in the richest countries treat such victims. They can possibly impress upon their hospital and university administrators, perhaps even some politicians, that victims of torture must be considered diseased persons and so treated.

"Centers like ours should dot the United States and the world. Maybe then there would be a turn away from this horrible practice, which becomes more common each year," says Genefke. Doctors in Paris, Toronto, and Amsterdam intend to found such medical centers soon.

Relief for victims of torture is now a matter of policy for the United Nations due to a Danish government proposal. The U.N. Voluntary Fund for Victims of Torture adopted by 97 nations in December 1981 is not, however, a favorite charity. Less than one million dollars has been donated by just a handful of state governments. The United States is not among them.

Denmark, and the other Nordic nations, were the first to contribute—a total of half a million dollars. Since then, Holland, France, West Germany, Greece, Luxemburg and Cyprus have added a token sum of approximately $200,000.

"The United States government needs encouragement to support this needed fund," reported Mikael Bendix, an official in Denmark's foreign ministry.

Bendix, who coordinates Denmark's association to the fund, considers the $30,000-proposed U.S. contribution "a symbolic gesture." More bluntly, another ministry official characterized "such a pittance an insult." He wished to remain unnamed.

The U.N. fund will donate mostly to groups within those countries practicing torture, hoping to assuage the pain. Denmark's rehabilitation center obtains most of its budget from private donations: five-dollar bills from individuals, and thousands from European foundations inspired by the many television broadcasts and newspaper articles published about the center's work. Media coverage has been scant, though, both in the United States and in eastern block nations, whose governments voted against the UN fund. Notably both Nicaragua and El Salvador voted for the fund.

—R.R.

Readers may send contributions to: International Rehabilitation and Research Center for Torture Victims, Juliane Maries Vej 26, 2100 Copenhagen 0, Denmark. Attention: Dr. Inge Kemp Genefke.

New York billion-dollar surplus battle

Ten years after it appeared headed into default and bankruptcy, New York City is the robust heir to an unusual billion-dollar inheritance.

The road to riches hasn't been easy. Ten years ago, the city barely averted bankruptcy, by putting its finances under the control of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, a quasi-public, city-state entity known to locals as Big MAC. MAC was given final say over city budgets, and issued bonds to raise needed funds at a time when the city government was effectively frozen out of credit marekts.

UPI

Mayor Ed Koch

The hybrid crisis-rescue agency did its job so well—after the city underwent some drastic belt-tightening—that its $1 billion reserve fund is no longer needed. It has become something of a benevolent guardian, and is now the source of a spectacular dividend. It turned out the unused MAC fund, invested in high-yield Treasury bonds, is earning $100 million a year in

MAC chairman Felix Rohatyn

interest. This unspent fortune, a Big MAC "surplus," was too tempting to let alone. Once its existence was made known, a political brawl ensued, as New York City, New York State, and MAC officials fought over how the "surplus" should be spent.

The actual size of the surplus would be determined by the various spending proposals being advanced. Felix Rohatyn, chairman of MAC and a wily investment banker, predicted $1 billion if the fund were kept in T-bonds and the outstanding MAC bonds were rescheduled at today's lower interest rates, reducing city payments. New York's Mayor Ed Koch said the surplus could be $1.5 billion if the fund and its T-bond interest were used to underwrite $1 billion worth of new bonds. And New York State Comptroller Ned Regan claimed a $4.8 billion surplus if the interest was used to retire MAC debts early.

Mayor Koch won control of the surplus, after some tricky negotiations. Under an accord reached between Mayor Koch, Rohatyn and Gov. Mario Cuomo, the city can use the MAC money to finance a wide range of development-oriented projects. But Koch will not get to issue new bonds: Rohatyn killed that, because he knew it was just such spectacular borrowing that put the city under MAC control in the first place.

Two important groups are being shut out of the windfall: city unions and the poor. Shortly after the governor, the mayor and the banker reached their agreement, Rohatyn signalled the unions that they would face tough negotiations in this year's contract talks. However, the municipal labor unions—representing the city's police, fire, sanitation and other service workers—are sure to push for their share of the money. They have tremendous financial and political muscle; New York has long been a union town. The various municipal unions' leadership know that it was largely investments by their pension funds—specially sanctioned by state officials to avoid conflict-of-interest or "prudent investor" violations—that enabled MAC to sell bonds when the city couldn't.

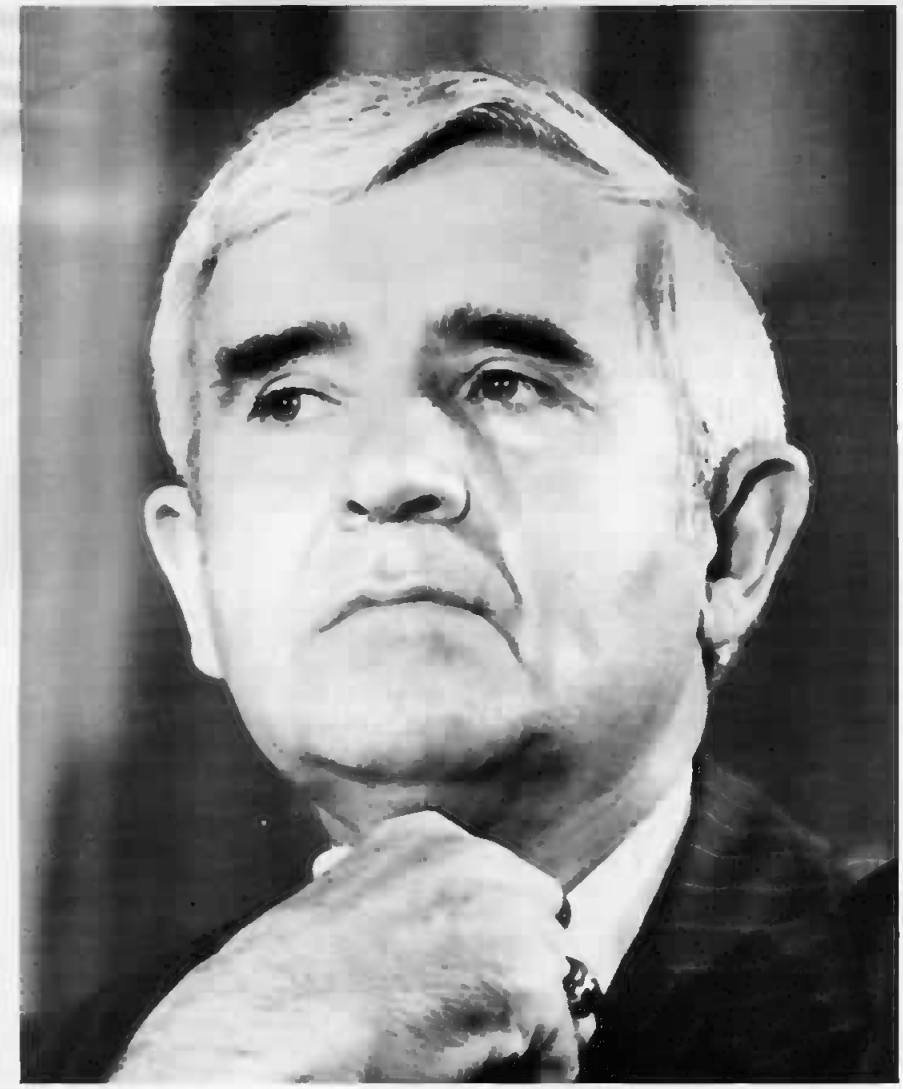
As for the poor, they are being ignored. Mayor Koch and his aides are eyeing ways to use funds for glamorous developments in downtown areas, including a $500 million Convention Center whose final price could reach $1 billion.

Critics charge that the mayor is using the monies to pursue an "urban gentrification" policy that has permitted the city's low-and middle-income housing stock to deteriorate rapidly, while luxury developers are granted major concessions and tax breaks. Two weeks before the MAC agreement, the mayor (who knew the agreement was pending) called for additional tax breaks and "significant" benefits for industrial developers, particularly in mid-Manhattan. A City Council member charged that this was "an unnecessary giveaway," that would concentrate all funds for development in "the healthiest commercial areas" of the city.

Some political observors say the mayor, who is expected to face a stiff reelection campaign in 1985, is guaranteeing a large campaign warchest by enriching the city's major realtors. However, the money they provide may not help if large numbers of voters are disenchanted with the mayor's housing and real estate policies.

Ironically, the Bronx, which was a key stop in the last two presidential campaigns, may also emerge as an important borough in city politics as well. Here, the mayor's flippant remarks have left deep wounds. His poor race relations and his alliance with landlords may become the major mayoral campaign issues, hurting his political fortunes.

While Koch has supported a federally funded project that puts fake curtained window decals in abandoned Bronx tenements, he opposed using the city's MAC inheritance to finance real housing. Such positions have helped spur a major voter registration drive in poor and minority communities whose goal is to force Koch out of City Hall. Thus, the MAC surplus may be an inheritance that carries a political curse. —**I.M.**



AP WIDE WORLD

Sen. Paul Laxalt

Paul Laxalt's Debt to the Mafia

Reagan's new Chairman of the Republican National Committee accepted a $950,000 loan arranged by the mob.

By Murray Waas

A few days after Ronald Reagan was sworn in as President of the United States, Sen. Paul Laxalt (R-Nevada) was ushered into the Oval Office for a private meeting with the President. Laxalt and Reagan had become close friends while the two men were governors of their neighboring states, Nevada and California. When Ronald Reagan decided to run for president he named Laxalt chairman of his campaign finance committee. And more recently, when Reagan decided to seek a second term for the presidency, he turned again to one of the men he trusted most in public life. On Nov. 7, 1982 Reagan named Laxalt Chairman of the Republican National Committee. As a U.S. senator, as close friend and personal confidant of the President, and as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Paul Laxalt is one of the most powerful men in America today.

So it was not unusual for Laxalt to be ushered into the Oval Office for a private meeting with the President in January 1981. During that meeting, Laxalt patiently explained his problem to the President: Overly aggressive Justice Department officials and FBI agents were hurting Nevada's gaming and casino industry with

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Attorney General William French Smith

their investigations of the Mafia's infiltration of Las Vegas. Laxalt told the President that he was against organized crime, that he had steadfastly fought the mobsters as governor of Nevada, but the Justice Department was harassing casino operators who had only circumstantial ties to the Mafia.

Reagan listened sympathetically to his old friend and then set up an appointment for Laxalt with the nation's highest law enforcement officer, then Attorney General-designate William French Smith.

During the first several months of the Reagan Administration, Laxalt would meet, according to two Justice Department officials, three times with the Attorney General to complain about Justice Department investigations of mob influence in his home state of Nevada. When asked to confirm the existence of Laxalt's meetings with Smith, Tom Stewart, a Justice Department spokesman said: The Attorney General does not keep a calendar or written record of his daily appointments. If he were to do that anyone would be able to obtain a complete list under the Freedom of Information Act of everyone he's met with since taking office. And the Attorney General feels he should be able to keep that information confidential."

But in a subsequent interview, Stewart also said he later asked Smith if he remembered meeting with Laxalt and the Attorney General remembered one such meeting shortly after taking office. Stewart added, though, that "he (Smith) doesn't remember the subject or substance of that meeting."

The meetings between Laxalt and Reagan and Laxalt and Smith to discuss criminal investigations raise disturbing questions about organized crime's possible influence on the Reagan Administration. For information in the files of William French Smith's own Justice Department

detail extensive ties between Sen. Laxalt and some of the nation's most powerful organized crime figures.

In addition, an investigation by *The Rebel* has found that Sidney Korshak, described by one high level Justice Department official as "one of the four or five most powerful men in organized crime in America," helped facilitate a $950,000 loan to Laxalt from a Chicago bank at a time a casino Laxalt owned was facing near bankruptcy. Another individual who helped Laxalt obtain the loan was Delbert W. Coleman, a business partner of Korshak's, who in 1969 was charged by the Securities and Exchange Commission for his role in setting up a sophisticated stock fraud scheme. Both Korshak and Coleman have been the subjects of numerous federal investigations, much like those that Laxalt complained about in his meeting with the Attorney General and the President.

According to sources familiar with the bank loan to Laxalt in 1973, the senator was then a co-owner of a Carson City, Nevada, casino, the Ormsby House. At the time, the casino was in serious financial trouble and Laxalt turned to a longtime friend, Delbert W. Coleman, for financial aid. Coleman, in turn, approached his one-time business partner Sidney Korshak for assistance.

Due to the intervention of Coleman and Korshak, according to reliable sources, Robert L. Heymann, then an executive vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago, authorized the $950,000 loan to Laxalt and the Ormsby House.

At first, according to a former officer of the bank, First National of Chicago was reluctant to make the loans to the Ormsby House. For one thing, the casino was in serious financial trouble, and casinos, in general, were considered in the banking community to be bad risks for loans. In addition, says the former officer, the bank was more cautious than usual at the time in making loans. "We had some bad luck in collecting on some REITs (Real Estate Investment Trusts), so when it came to loans, we did our homework a little more than we normally would when evaluating an application for a loan."

Despite such objections to the Laxalt loan posed by some officials of the bank, the loan was finally approved at the insistence of Robert Heymann. In a telephone interview, Heymann admitted he was in contact with Korshak at the time the loan was being considered by the bank.

"Yeah, I talked to Sidney Korshak," said Heymann, "and he asked me what I could do on Laxalt's behalf. But everyone in this town knows Sidney Korshak. If you're trying to say that Sidney was responsible for that loan, though, you don't have your facts straight. I made the final decision on that loan, and *no one*, including Sidney Korshak, dictates to me how to conduct my business."

President Reagan returns to the White House with Sen. Paul Laxalt after horseback riding

The former bank officer agrees with Heymann's version of events only to some extent: "I don't know that Sidney did anything for Heymann in exchange for his approving the Laxalt loan, but their relationship has been a longterm one and Korshak has performed any one of a dozen favors for Heymann and the bank in the past."

In fact, Korshak's involvement with the First National Bank of Chicago dates back more than 30 years. In the late 1940s, according to federal law enforcement officials, Korshak was hired as a labor lawyer for the bank by Walter Heymann, then vice chairman of First National. Walter Heymann, who retired from the bank in 1962, is none other than Robert Heymann's father.

Korshak provided numerous favors for Walter Heymann and the bank, suggesting to a number of his corporate and labor union clients that they deposit their assets there. In return, Walter Heymann suggested to other Chicago bankers that they hire Korshak as their "labor counsel." Law enforcement officials, however, say that Korshak provided favors for the banks that went beyond the traditional role of labor counsel. They say Korshak was hired to insure "labor peace" for the banks that he represented and that some of the monies paid to him were funneled into the pockets of corrupt labor union officials who assured that their rank and file would

never strike against the banks.

When Walter Heymann retired from First National in 1962, according to a former bank officer, his son, Robert, became the man at the bank who handled its dealings with Korshak. By 1973, when Korshak called the younger Heymann and suggested he make a loan to Laxalt, Heymann and Korshak already had a longstanding and established relationship.

In a telephone interview, Heymann refused to discuss, to any great extent, his or Korshak's role in facilitating the Laxalt loan. "Paul Laxalt is good man," said Heymann. "His father was a sheep herder, an immigrant from Spain. He had to work for everything he now has in life. You're just picking on him because he's a conservative. Teddy Kennedy can kill some girl. But nobody gets upset about that *because he's a rich guy*, a liberal.

"Listen, I have nothing more to say to you. All of you guys in the media make me out to be some kind of criminal or something."

But Robert Heymann has only himself to blame for that. In February 1978, five years after he approved the Laxalt loan, Heymann pleaded guilty to federal charges in U.S. District Court in Chicago. In exchange for his arranging a $30 million loan from his bank to Hardwicke, Inc. to develop the Great Adventure Amusement Park in New Jersey, Heymann accepted a $50,000 bribe and a secret financial interest in a Hardwicke subsidiary. In addition, Heymann also pleaded guilty to charges that he embezzled $248,000 from the First National Bank of Chicago.

The role that Sidney Korshak played to help Paul Laxalt obtain the loan from the First National Bank of Chicago deserves further investigation for two reasons. First, the loan was made at a crucial time in Laxalt's career. If he did not receive the loan to bail him out of his disastrous casino deal at the time, it is doubtful he would have had the opportunity to run for the U.S. Senate and become the powerful political figure that he is today. Second, as we shall see, Sidney Korshak is not one to perform an important favor for a politician without something in return either for himself or his associates in the Mafia.

The mysterious world of Sidney Korshak first came to the public's attention in an extraordinary four-part series about him in the *New York Times* in June 1976, by investigative reporters Jeff Gerth and Seymour Hersh.

"To his associates in Los Angeles, Sidney R. Korshak is a highly successful labor lawyer, an astute business adviser to major corporations, a multi-millionaire with immense influence and many connections, a friend of Hollywood stars and executives," wrote Gerth and Hersh.

"He is so well entrenched in Hollywood's social and business structures that he mingles easily with such entertainers as Dinah Shore, Debbie Reynolds, and Tony Martin and with such prestigious businessmen as Charles G. Bludhorn, chairman of Gulf & Western Industries, Inc., and Lew R. Wasserman, chief executive of MCA, Inc., the entertainment conglomerate.

"But Sidney Korshak leads a double life.

"To scores of federal, state, and local law enforcement officials, Mr. Korshak is the most important link between organized crime and legitimate business. They describe him as a 'behind the scenes fixer' who has been instrumental in helping criminal elements gain power in union affairs and infiltrate the leisure and entertainment industries.

"On the basis of their files on Korshak, federal officials contend that he has been involved in such activities as bribery, kickbacks, extortion, fraud, and labor racketeering, and that he has given illegal advice to members of organized crime.

"A well informed Justice Department official has described Mr. Korshak as a 'senior intermediary for and senior adviser to' organized crime groups in California, Chicago, Las Vegas, and New York. 'He directs their investments, their internal affairs, their high level decision making,' the official said.

"At a closed meeting of Justice Department officials in May 1976, Mr. Korshak was described as the archetype of a new kind of intermediary, who is able to deal simultaneously with organized crime and the highest echelons of legitimate business.

"At another meeting in April 1976, senior attorneys in the Organized Crime Division of the Justice Department reached a consensus that Mr. Korshak was one of the five most powerful members of the underworld, according to one participant."

Despite such a dubious background, however, Korshak has served as an attorney for more than a hundred of America's top corporations, including Gulf & Western, Diners Club, the Hilton and Hyatt chains, and Madison Square Garden Corporation. In Hollywood, he has been equally powerful, serving as a major decision maker in the nation's third largest theatrical booking agency and as a close friend of movie stars and producers.

But the most important role that Sidney Korshak plays for the American underworld is his close relationships with some of the nation's most powerful politicians, many of whom—sometimes unwittingly—have provided favors for his mob associates.

In June 1979, for example, Korshak was attempting to close down the Hollywood Park Race Track, in Inglewood, California, in an effort to help mob interests take over the track. Assisting Korshak in his efforts to close down the track were California Governor Jerry Brown and his chief of staff, Gray Davis. Brown had previously requested and received a $1,000 campaign contribution from Korshak during a presidential campaign appearance Brown made in New Hampshire. There is no evidence that Brown and Davis knew of Korshak's real intentions when he asked them to help close down the Hollywood Park track. But both Brown and Davis should have been more circumspect in their dealings with Korshak in that Brown's own California Crime Control Commission had previously referred to

Ormsby House Casino in Carson City

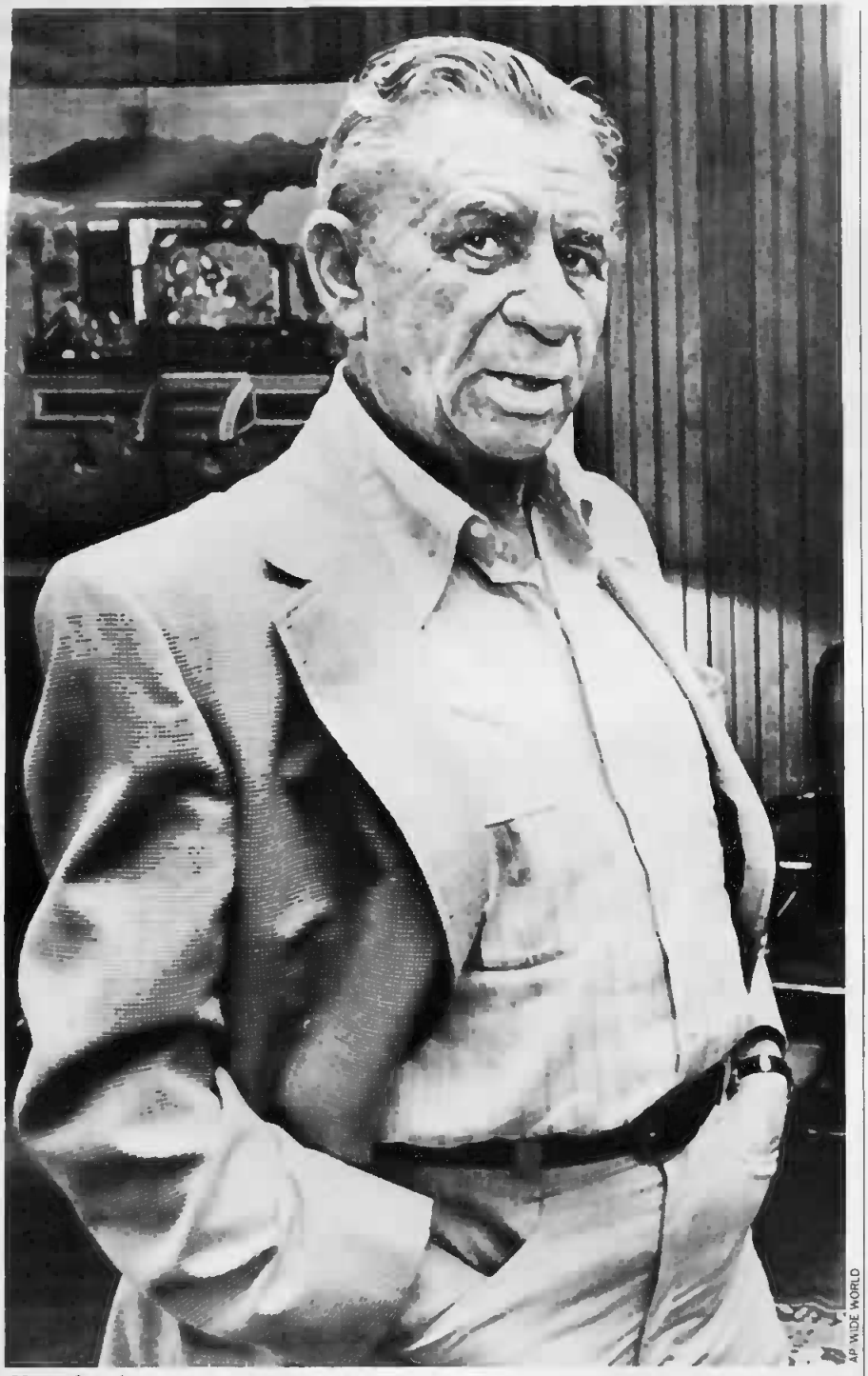
Korshak as a "mob connected attorney" in one of their public reports.

Korshak had first made it a practice to court public officials when he graduated from law school in the late 1930s and began a law firm in Chicago with his brother, Marshall. Already, Marshall Korshak was a key figure in Cook County's corrupt Democratic Party political machine and would later serve as an Illinois state senator and in top posts in Chicago's city government.

Meanwhile, Sidney Korshak began to represent members of Chicago's Capone mob. Later, according to federal law enforcement officals, he would become a key adviser to Anthony (Tony) Accardo, a former bodyguard to Al Capone who would later serve as boss of Chicago's mob family from 1943 to 1956. During that period, many of Chicago's top politicians and mobsters were in close alliance with another. Sidney Korshak served as a trusted gobetween and intermediary in many of those relationships.

Apparently, some 30 years later, Korshak still has some influence in Chicago's political circles. In 1980, he and his brother, Marshall, contributed $4,000 to the re-election campaign committee of Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne.

Another political figure who has been the beneficiary of Korshak's largess has



Meyer Lansky

been Pierre Salinger, a one-time Press Secretary to the late President John Kennedy who is currently the Paris Bureau Chief for ABC News. While running for the U.S. Senate in California in 1964, Salinger accepted a $10,000 contribution from Korshak despite the fact that seven years earlier, in 1957, when he was a Senate aide investigating the Mafia's control over the Teamsters Union, he wrote a report saying that Korshak "had a reputation of being extremely close to the old Capone syndicate."

"The fact is I needed to raise $2 million for the campaign," Salinger explained at the time the campaign contribution was made public.

Unlike Salinger, many politicians who have been befriended by Korshak have been genuinely unaware of his mob connections. The reason is that the Mafia has gone to great lengths to keep their relationship a secret one.

"Korshak is the ultimate 'man up front'," says one federal law enforcement official, "but he can only do the mob's bidding and serve as their front as long as legitimate people don't know the interests he's really representing."

In 1961, FBI wiretaps disclosed that a Chicago mob figure, Leslie (Killer) Kruse, was told by his Mafia superiors never to personally contact Korshak for fear that his being seen with Korshak would damage the lawyer's reputation. Two other Chicago mobsters were also overheard on wiretaps a short time later being given similar instructions.

More recently, Jimmy (the Weasel) Fratianno, a one-time acting boss of the Los Angeles mob family, who later became a government witness against his former associates, told a similar tale. In his autobiography, *The Last Mafioso*, written with writer Ovid Demaris, Fratianno said he was ordered by Joseph Aiuppa, boss of Chicago's mob family, never to meet personally with Korshak.

"Look, Jimmy, do me a favor," Fratianno quotes Aiuppa telling him. "If you ever need a favor from Sid, come to us. Let us do it. You know, the less you see of him the better. We don't want to put heat on the guy . . .

"We've spent a lot of time keeping this guy clean. He can't be seen in public with guys like us. We have had our own ways of contacting him and it's worked pretty good for a long time."

While dealing with some politicians, Korshak has made no secret about his underworld loyalties. During the late 1950's, the late Sen. Estes Kefauver planned to hold hearings in Chicago about organized crime activity in that city. But Kefauver abruptly changed his plans at the last moment. According to the *New York Times* series on Korshak, Korshak had shown Kefauver infrared pictures of the senator in a compromising position with a young girl in Chicago's Drake Hotel.

Such activities, however, are not part of the usual Sidney Korshak style. Korshak is a man who would much rather charm than intimidate someone and who would rather do a favor for a powerful person in hopes of getting something in return rather than blackmailing them. More typical of Sidney Korshak's behavior than his alleged pressuring the late Sen. Kefauver is his courtship and intervention on behalf of Sen. Paul Laxalt.

Our story begins in the late 1950s when Las Vegas' two largest industries were the casinos and organized crime. Paul Laxalt was then just a young attorney, and the Mafia was just beginning to take over the city. With the help of some organized crime figures, Paul Laxalt would become governor of Nevada and, later, senator from that state. During that same time, organized crime in Nevada would not only flourish but grow by leaps and bounds.

It had all begun with a dream by the late mobster Bugsy Siegel. The handsome, debonair mobster believed that legalized gambling in Nevada would make Las Vegas the gambling and vice capital of North America. With the financial backing of Meyer Lansky and the East Coast mob families, Siegel began building the largest

Fremont Hotel and Casino in downtown Las Vegas

and most spectacular casino in Las Vegas.

For a time, Siegel led a charmed life. He lived in glamour with his beautiful girlfriend, Virginia Hill, and spread around tens of thousands of dollars on the nights they spent out on the town on the Las Vegas Strip.

Even a murder indictment was a momentary problem for the handsome mobster. In 1940, Siegel and an associate were indicted for the murder of fellow mob figure Harry "Big Greenie" Greenberg. The case was delayed, time and time again, until the government's key witness, Abe Reles, "fell" out of a New York hotel room window while in government custody. The charges were then dismissed by Los Angeles District Attorney John Dockweiller, who said he wanted to save the taxpayers of Los Angeles the cost of a lengthy trial. Apparently a $30,000 campaign contribution made by Siegel to Dockweiller's election campaign had nothing to do with the disposition of the case.

Bugsy Siegel had little to fear from the government or public officials, but his associates in the underworld were a different case. The cost of the Flamingo had skyrocketed from the $1.5 million Siegel said it would cost to over $5.5 million. On June 26, 1947 a mob hitman, acting on the orders of Meyer Lansky, murdered Bugsy Siegel.

Oddly, with Siegel's death his dream came alive. Las Vegas soon blossomed, and the mob through its hidden interests in many of the city's largest casinos, illegally skimmed tens of millions of dollars each year.

Onto the scene came the young, politically ambitious attorney, Paul Laxalt. In 1951, he was elected District Attorney of Ormsby County, Nevada. In 1962, he was elected as Nevada's lieutenant governor. And two years later, he lost a close race for the U.S. Senate.

In 1966, Laxalt successfully ran for governor of Nevada. A key fundraiser in that campaign was Ruby Kolod, an organized crime figure originally from Cleveland, who was a part owner of Las Vegas' Desert Inn along with mob figures Moe Dalitz and Louis Rothkoff.

In 1965, less than a year before Kolod helped raise funds for Laxalt's gubernatorial campaign, he was convicted of fraud and extortion. Kolod and an associate, Israel "Icepick Willie" Alderman, invested $78,000 in an oil venture with a Denver, Colorado lawyer, Robert Sunshine. According to a federal grand jury indictment, when the venture failed, Kolod and "Icepick Willie" sent two Chicago mob associates to Denver to "threaten to injure and/or murder" Sunshine and his family if their investment money was not returned. What interested federal investigators most about the case was that Sunshine testified at the trial that Kolod obtained the $78,000 needed for the oil venture by simply walking into the counting room of the Desert Inn and skimming the money "right off the top." A subsequent FBI investigation later determined that the $78,000 was only a fraction of the tens of millions of dollars the Mafia was skimming from the Desert Inn, the Sands, the Dunes, the Frontier and other Las Vegas casinos.

Despite such incidents as Ruby Kolod's role in his gubernatorial campaign, Laxalt

has been able to successfully cultivate a public image—one of trying to force out the mob from Las Vegas' casinos.

In 1980, for example, *Congressional Quarterly* reported in a biographical article on Laxalt: "The new governor pushed through the legislature a measure allowing corporate ownership of casinos in an effort to rid the gambling industry of the taint of organized crime."

In fact, the end result of the new legislation merely helped facilitate organized crime's dominance of the Las Vegas casino industry. The history of many of the casinos has been one of revolving ownership by organized crime interests. When federal investigations have found a secret organized crime interest in a casino, public outcry has demanded a new owner. But the new owner has often turned out also to be a front for organized crime interests. Such has been the way the casinos have operated during the time Paul Laxalt has been a powerful Nevada politician. Part of the reason such activities have been allowed to occur is that he has maintained close relationships with men involved in such schemes—men such as Delbert W. Coleman.

One of the first beneficiaries of Gov. Laxalt's legislation allowing corporate ownership of Nevada casinos was Chicago businessman Coleman. In 1968, Coleman sold off his major interest in Chicago's J.P. Seeburg Corporation for $4.8 million. With the proceeds from that sale, Coleman bought a controlling interest in the Beverly Hills-based Parvin-Dohrmann Corporation. At the time, Parvin-Dohrmann owned two Las Vegas hotel-casinos, the Aladdin and the Fremont.

In 1969, Coleman and Parvin-Dohrmann purchased a third Las Vegas hotel-casino, the Stardust, from organized crime figure Moe Dalitz. Coleman had his corporation make a secret $500,000 payoff to Sidney Korshak, the Securities and Exchange Commission would later reveal, for introducing Coleman and Dalitz and setting up the deal.

Later, Korshak would also be appointed counsel for the Parvin-Dohrmann Corporation. But says a former investigator for the SEC: "Although on paper Korshak was just the counsel for Parvin-Dohrmann, in reality he was the most important individual in making decisions for the firm next to Coleman. Some of the people we interviewed even suggested it was really Korshak running the show and pulling the strings and that Coleman was just his front man."

Shortly after the Stardust casino was purchased from Moe Dalitz by Parvin-Dohrmann, Coleman and Korshak made Frank (Lefty) Rosenthal manager of the casino. Federal law enforcement officials have identified Rosenthal as the overseer in Las Vegas for Chicago mob boss Joseph Aiuppa and the man in charge of that mob family's casino-skimming operations.

With the involvement of Korshak and Rosenthal in Parvin-Dohrmann's operations, federal investigators did not believe the mob wasn't still taking its cut when Moe Dalitz sold the Stardust to the corporation. Apparently, Laxalt's casino "reform" legislation did little to stem mob involvement in Las Vegas casinos.

But if the legislation did not benefit the public, it did benefit Paul Laxalt. In 1970, Laxalt decided against running for a second term and instead made plans to expand his Carson City, Nevada law firm. Among the firm's first clients was Delbert W. Coleman, who paid Laxalt a $100,000 a year retainer.

Already in 1969, Parvin-Dohrmann had come to need a good law firm. In that year, the Securities and Exchange Commission charged in a civil lawsuit that Coleman, Korshak and 15 other officers and investors of Parvin-Dohrmann had engaged in stock fraud and violations of federal securities laws in artificially inflating the price of Parvin-Dohrmann stock on the American Stock Exchange. According to internal SEC investigative files, Coleman, when he took control of Parvin-Dohrmann, bought 300,000 shares of stock in the corporation at the price of $35 a share. Shortly thereafter, Korshak bought a smaller amount of Parvin-Dohrmann stock.

Within a few months, the stock rose meteorically in value, eventually selling for $150 a share. Delbert Coleman made an easy $34.5 million profit. Sidney Korshak made $1.8 million from the deal.

But the SEC's investigation found that the rise in value of Parvin-Dohrmann's stock was not due to the viability of the corporation, but due rather to a sophisticated stock fraud and manipulation scheme based on the "old boiler room scheme" and set up by Korshak and Coleman.

In 1970, the SEC settled its lawsuit, forcing Coleman and Korshak to sell their stock in Parvin-Dohrmann and give up profits they earned from the stock fraud. But that did not happen until the two men engaged in some high-level influence peddling.

In mid-1969, Dr. Martin Sweig, then an aide to House Speaker John McCormack, and Nathan Voloshen, a Washington lobbyist, were indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of using the prestige of the Speaker's office on behalf of Voloshen clients. Among the charges was that Coleman, on Korshak's recommendation, paid Voloshen and Sweig $50,000 to use their influence to try to close down the SEC investigation. Coleman was granted immunity from prosecution in exchange for his testimony at the trial against Sweig and Voloshen.

On May 6, 1969 Coleman testified that he and Voloshen and Sweig visited the new offices of the SEC in Washington and met with then SEC chairman Hammer Budge in an effort to curtail th Parvin-Dohrmann investigation.

Stardust Hotel

"I bring you warm greetings from the Speaker of the House," Coleman testified Voloshen said to the SEC chairman as the meeting began. But despite the lofty introductions, the influence peddling was unsuccessful. The SEC carried on with its investigation and later filed suit against Parvin-Dohrmann. One of the findings of that investigation was that the $50,000 payoff made by Coleman to Voloshen and Sweig ended up as a tax write-off on Parvin-Dohrmann's books.

Also helping in the effort to stop the SEC investigation was Laxalt, then governor of Nevada, who traveled to Washington, D.C. to meet with SEC officials about the case. Laxalt had no effect on the investigation, but within a year he would be the recipient of the $100,000-a-year retainer from Delbert Coleman as a private lawyer.

With such lucrative law fees, the ex-governor now decided to expand his career into the business world. Along with

several partners he financed and built the Ormsby House Casino in Carson City, Nevada.

According to Nevada state gaming records, Laxalt's original capital contribution was $938. His brother and partner in the venture, Peter, contributed only $913. Apparently, the casino was mostly financed through $5 million in loans made to the Laxalts by three Nevada banks.

Laxalt soon found that his business skill was not on the same level as his political acumen. By mid-1973, the Ormsby House was close to bankruptcy, and Laxalt turned to his old friend Delbert Coleman for help. The end result was an unsecured $950,000 loan to Laxalt and the casino from the First National Bank of Chicago.

Still other loans were made later by Heymann and the First National Bank to keep the casino afloat. Laxalt once told a friendly interviewer that "I called Bob Heymann and told him we had to have a couple of hundred thousand or we will close. Within a day he gives $200,000. In February (1974) the same problems. I told him I need $200,000. He gives another. At that point he was in a second position secured only by our stock, which meant that he could take it in a moment."

In September 1974, the First National Bank loaned an additional $7.3 million to the Ormsby House. All in all, Heymann and his bank loaned more than $10 million to Paul Laxalt and the Ormsby House, until it was sold in 1976 to different interests.

But Robert Heymann, like Sidney Korshak, has never had to spend a day in jail. In exchange for pleading guilty, Heymann received the sentence of four years' probation. At the sentencing hearing, Heymann's lawyer, George Cotsirilos, said that Heymann had started a consulting business since leaving the bank. But the embezzlement and subsequent federal indictment were not hurting business, Cotsirilos told the court. "He hasn't lost a client."

While Robert Heymann seemed to come away from his embezzlement trial unscathed, the First National Bank of Chicago, which had cooperated with federal authorities in their investigation, did not fare well. Among Robert Heymann's closest friends—and also one of First National of Chicago's largest customers—have been Chicago businessman Jay Pritzker and his father, A.N. Pritzker. The two men are key members of the Pritzkers of Chicago, one of the wealthiest families in America. Through a number of privately owned corporations, the Pritzker family's own assets reportedly generate revenues exceeding $3 billion each year. Among their holdings are the privately held Hyatt Corporation and a controlling interest in the Hyatt International Corporation. The Pritzker family also owned much of the Hardwicke Corporation and the Great Adventure Amusement Park at one time. Those two entities were recipients of the loans made by Heymann for which he was given kickbacks and for which he was later convicted.

When officials at First National first learned of Heymann's embezzlement, the Pritzkers lent him $160,000 to repay the bank. Heymann's lawyers could thus point out at the sentencing hearing that he had already made restitution. They also pointed out that he was also now working as a consultant to "some of the finest companies," one of which was Hardwicke, Inc.

According to a former official of the First National Bank of Chicago, the Pritzkers—upset with the bank's firing of Heymann and its help in the federal investigation—transferred tens of millions of dollars in assets from the First National Bank to the Illinois Continental Bank and Trust Company.

Maybe part of the reason the Pritzkers have been so sympathetic to Heymann's problems is that they too have had their problems with federal law enforcement authorities. In December 1978, the Pritzkers settled a lawsuit with the Securities and Exchange Commission alleging conflicts of interest and inadequate disclosure to stockholders of the Hyatt Corporation and Hyatt International.

During the SEC investigation, evidence also surfaced showing that the Pritzkers have had personal relationships and business dealings with a number of highly placed organized crime figures and their associates. In a deposition taken during the SEC investigation, Peter DiTulo, the late president of the Hyatt International Corp., admitted that he knew Meyer Lansky, reputed to be the financial czar of American organized crime, and that he had borrowed money from two Canadians who had invested money for a notorious Lansky associate. In addition, the mob-dominated Central States Teamsters Pension Fund has made more than $50 million in loans to Hyatt and other corporations owned by the Pritzkers. Three high level Teamsters officials who helped the Pritzkers obtain those loans—the late Teamster President Jimmy Hoffa, the late Allan Dorfman and Alvin Barron—have all had close ties to organized crime figures and have been convicted of major felonies.

But the Pritzkers have the closest relationship to Korshak, dating back more than 40 years to when both families had law offices in a modest building at 134 North La Salle Street in Chicago. Korshak was later instrumental in helping the Pritzkers obtain some of their loans from the Teamsters Union Central States Pension Fund. Korshak also later became a counsel for the Hyatt corporation.

While Korshak and his associate Robert Heymann were instrumental in keeping the Ormsby House afloat, another associate of Korshak's, Nevada businessman Bernard Nemerov, also helped finance the casino venture.

The single largest investor in the Ormsby House was Nemerov who, according to law enforcement officials and public records, has had long-standing and close associations with some of the country's most prominent organized crime figures.

According to Nevada state gaming records, Nemerov loaned Paul and Peter Laxalt some $475,000 to help construct the Ormsby House. He also contributed another $75,000 to the project as a capital contribution.

In testimony before the Nevada State Gaming Commission, Paul Laxalt said that Nemerov was going to play a key role in running the Ormsby House:

"I see him as being another right arm to me because my function in this operation is not going to be operational. I'm not going to be housed or officed in the hotel, nor will Mick (Peter). We'll be on the policy level only and we felt we needed liaison on the hotel level from an experienced person, and this is where we see Mr. Nemerov."

In June 1972—as part of the licensing procedure for the Ormsby House—Nemerov was repeatedly asked about his associations and relationships with a wide assortment of organized crime figures during an appearance before Nevada's State Gaming Commission.

Nemerov admitted during his testimony before the Gaming Commission to having had close relationships with the late Teamsters Union President Hoffa and the late Allen Dorfman, who for more than two decades served as the dominant figure in the mob-dominated Teamsters Union Central States Pension Fund. Under Dorfman's leadership the masssive $1.4 billion pension fund served as nothing more than a private bank for the Mafia and those willing to make kickbacks to Dorfman and other pension fund executives in exchange for loans.

Perhaps more than any other man in America, with the possible exception of the late Meyer Lansky, Dorfman was responsible for the massive organized crime infiltration of Las Vegas and its casinos. At Dorfman's direction, the Central States Pension Fund loaned hundreds of millions of dollars to mob-controlled interest to purchase at least eight Nevada casinos since the late 1950's.

In 1972, Dorfman was convicted of federal charges and sentenced to prison for accepting a $55,000 kickback in arranging a $1.5 million Central States Pension Fund loan for a Miami businessman. In late 1974, Dorfman was acquitted of federal charges of bankruptcy fraud and conspiracy to defraud the Central States Pension Fund after a key government witness in the case was murdered gangland style.

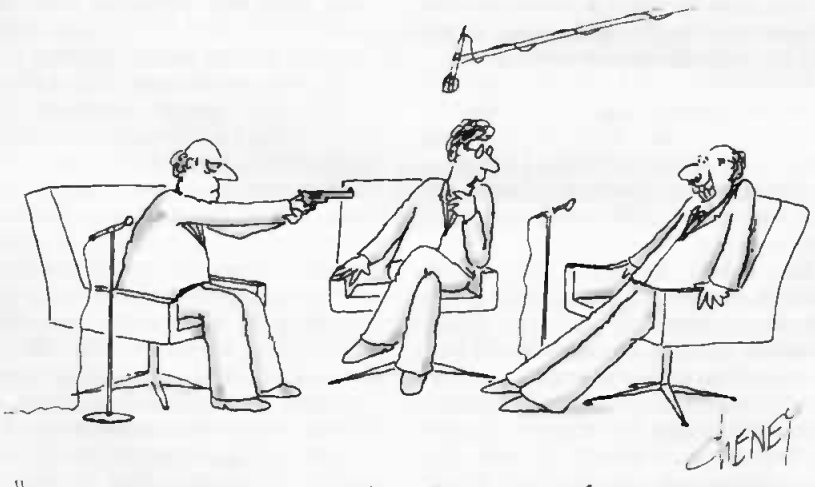
Dorfman himself was murdered gangland-style last year in a suburb of Chicago while awaiting sentencing after being convicted of federal charges that he conspired to bribe Paul Laxalt's then Nevada senatorial colleague Sen. Howard Cannon.

Laxalt also maintained a long and cordial relationship with Dorfman. In 1971, Laxalt wrote a letter to then President Richard Nixon recommending that the President release the then Teamsters boss Jimmy Hoffa from prison. Laxalt told the President that he decided to ask him to release Hoffa from prison after meeting with Dorfman, who he claimed was not "the criminal type so often depicted by the national press."

Nemerov has also engaged in a close relationship with Sidney Korshak over the years. While questioned before the Nevada State Gaming Commission, Nemerov admitted to knowing Korshak socially. He also said that the two men had offices in the same Chicago office building.

With Nemerov's investment in the Ormsby House, yet another close associate of Korshak was involved financially with Laxalt.

On Nov. 1, 1983 the *Sacramento Bee* reported that the Ormsby House was the subject of a 1973 Internal Revenue Service investigation that looked into allegations that organized crime interests were illegally skimming an estimated $2 million



AP WIDE WORLD

Former Teamster President James Hoffa

a year of the casino's proceeds.

But, according to reporter Denny Walsh, IRS agents were not allowed to pursue the investigation due to intervention from the Nixon White House. Wrote Walsh: "One of the tax agents noted that the Nixon White House's influence in the upper reaches of the IRS was something he and his colleagues had to live with. 'For the most part, anything (traced to) Republicans was given the fast once-over,' the agent said.

"Referring to those types of situations, he said, 'I pursued what I thought was appropriate until I was told not to.'

"Asked if the Laxalt matter was one he was told not to pursue, he said, 'Yes.' "

Walsh later added: "Information about the scheme was derived primarily through physical surveillance and from Ormsby House employees developed as informants by IRS agents . . .

"Implicated as a courier of the skim money, according to the sources, was Rocco Youse, identified in federal, state and county intelligence files as an associate and front for Milwaukee Mafia boss Frank Balistrieri . . .

"[In addition] at the Ormsby House, IRS agents watched on a number of occasions as Youse met with Joseph Viscuglia, one of the casino's managers.

"Casino employees told tax agents an average 20 percent of the house's take was being skimmed and being held by Viscuglia until picked up by Youse."

In a prepared statement made after the *Sacramento Bee*'s report, Laxalt branded the story "ludicrous" and said that he hoped those named in the news account would "sue the tail off the *Sacramento Bee.*"

It is impossible to substantiate the *Sacramento Bee*'s charge that "substantial sums of money were illegally skimmed from the proceeds of Carson City's Ormsby House Hotel Casino during the time it was owned by Paul Laxalt," due to the Nixon Administration's intervention that halted the investigation.

If the allegations are indeed true, they would seem to coincide with findings by this reporter's investigations that Sidney Korshak intervened with an official of Chicago's First National Bank to gain approval for loans to keep the Ormsby House in business. Korshak was at the time, and still is, according to federal law enforcement officials, a senior adviser in the Chicago mob family. The main beneficiary of the alleged skimming operation, according to the initial IRS probe, was the Milwaukee mob family of Frank Balistrieri, an adjunct of the Chicago mob family of which Korshak is a senior adviser.

If the allegations of skimming at the Ormsby House are untrue, Sen. Laxalt's behavior still deserves further attention. This reporter's investigation has shown that only with the help of Sidney Korshak and his associates—Delbert Coleman, Robert Heymann, and Robert Nemerov—was Laxalt's Ormsby House venture allowed to become a viable entity.

At the same time, Sen. Laxalt has engaged in a number of activities in his official government positions that have helped Sidney Korshak and Chicago's mob bosses.

Laxalt's discussions with the President and Attorney General to curb mob investigation in Las Vegas would have to be at the top of the list. His attempts to stop the federal investigation of Parvin-Dohrmann also benefited Sidney Korshak and Delbert Coleman, who were eventually charged by the Securities and Exchange Commission with stock fraud related to the case. And Laxalt's attempts to free Jimmy Hoffa from prison also would have benefited Korshak's and Chicago's mob bosses, who previously made tens of millions of dollars in illegal Teamsters Union-related activities when Hoffa was its president.

At best, Sen. Paul Laxalt is a man who was allowed to own a casino with the help of Sidney Korshak and other individuals tied to organized crime. At worst, he is a man who has engaged in activities as a public official which help those same organized crime interests that helped him with his private business dealings. ■

First of a two-part series.

***Murray Waas is a Philadelphia-based writer and a contributing editor of* The Rebel.**

DON RAY

Larry Flynt

DON RAY

Jack Abrahams

AP/WIDE WORLD

Ronald Reagan

REAGANGATE

WHITE HOUSE CONNECTIONS TO THE VICKI MORGAN KILLING

by Larry Flynt

It all began one Spring morning in 1977 at the Beverly Hills Hotel in Los Angeles, California. I was staying in a bungalow behind the main building, and there was unusually heavy dew on the ground that day. I remember the damp grass clearly as I made my way to the lobby of the famous "Pink Palace," as it had come to be known over the years. Many a Hollywood deal had been consummated at this famous landmark, and the Polo Lounge had long ago become a favorite "watering hole" for the "who's who" in Hollywood and the world.

As I passed the outdoor restaurant, I noticed Tom Snyder sitting at one table. I had an appointment with Jim Goode, then the editor of *Playgirl*, to discuss the launching of *The Rebel*. Jim had been responsible for the investigative journalism for *Penthouse*, and I felt he would be ideal to edit our new magazine. When our meeting was over, I hurried down the corridor to the barber shop to get my hair trimmed.

The morning had been hectic. My office had called to say that the executive producer of *60 Minutes* had been trying to reach me to tell me, ironically, that Jimmy Carter's sister, Ruth Stapleton, wanted to meet the world's greatest pornographer—a meeting that was to begin a lasting friendship (which is chronicled in the January issue of *Hustler* in an article entitled "Tribute to My Best Friend").

Earlier in the day Chuck Ashman of Metromedia News, Los Angeles, and I had discussed his inviting Dr. James Prescott of HEW to be on his show. Dr. Prescott had just written an article for *Hustler* on child abuse, incest and violence, in which he blamed religion and sexual repression for the growing problem in society.

The barber shop was crowded. My friend Marty Allen was on hand to tell me a joke I had not heard before, and introduce me to Sidney Sheldon, whose new book, *Bloodline*, had just been published. When I turned to the little man standing behind the barber chair to apologize for being late, he informed me that he had just finished cutting D.K.'s hair. I was later to find out that D.K. was none other than the shipping magnate, D.K. Ludwig, the richest man in the world. When I asked if Mr. Ludwig was a good tipper, he just stared into space with a quizzical smile on his face. I couldn't help thinking if this guy ever writes a book, the whole world will shatter.

Little did I know that this little man, Jack Abrahams, and his wife Molly would become two of the dearest friends that Althea and I could ever hope to have over the trying years that were to lie ahead. And equally as important, that Jack would become my key source in the Alfred Bloomingdale affair—a scandal that could topple the entire Reagan Administration, a sexcapade that would end as a tragic love story, culminating with the brutal murder of Vicki Morgan, Alfred Bloomingdale's mistress for the past 12 years.

The baseball bat heard around the world as it crashed into the skull of the starstruck young girl exploded a web of international intrigue and espionage—or "sexpionage"—that dwarfs Great Britain's Profumo Affair of more than a decade earlier. "Reagangate," as it has come to be known, ends with murder, and All the President's Men will come tumbling down because I have the Vicki Morgan sex tapes. And Ronald Reagan and most of his kitchen cabinet members are on them, along with a host of other well-known national and international politicians and celebrities.

It all started in the early 70's, when Alfred placed video cameras in a house he owned in the Hollywood Hills, not far from my own home in Bel Air. Anyone who was important in the Reagan Administration who wanted sexual favors called on Alfred, regardless of what his particular fetish might be. At the start it appeared that Alfred just wanted to indulge his fantasies, while maintaining some control in the political climate in America. But in the end, he was more concerned about the insurance powers that the existence of the tapes gave to Vicki, since their relationship had developed into a love story of epic proportions.

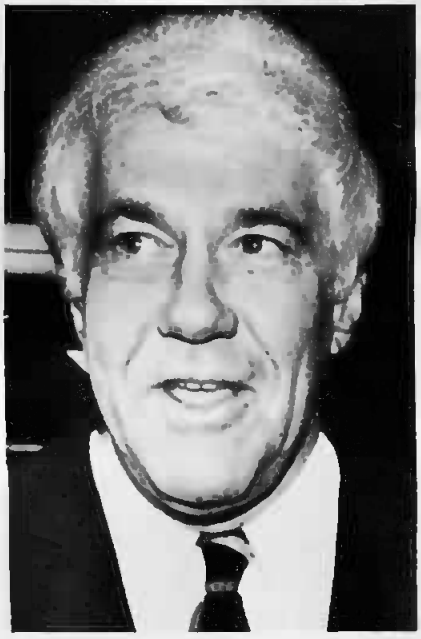
The aging millionaire and the ill-fated teen beauty first met in the Old World Restaurant in West Hollywood, and he fell for her immediately. Bill Turner's article in the January 23 issue of *The Rebel* recounts how his initial sexual attraction grew into genuine affection with Vicki's willingness to accommodate his sado-masochistic desires. His infatuation with Vicki became an obsession, and when they were not together they were on the phone. My old friend, Jack Abrahams, said that Alfred would call Vicki as many as half-a-dozen times while getting his hair cut. Between

OBIT LINE

Vicki Morgan

AP WIDE WORLD

Alfred Bloomingdale



Atty. Marvin Mitchelson

Vicki and her friends, some of them important sources for this story, Alfred Bloomingdale was able to service the bizarre sexual appetites of the rich and famous throughout the world—especially when they came to Los Angeles.

One player in the high level fun and games was an admitted homosexual by the name of Marvin Pancoast, Vicki's accused murderer. According to one source, Marvin was quite a character. He and Vicki would share a high-ranking member of President Reagan's cabinet; then Marvin would give a "blow-by-blow" account to his friends or anyone else willing to listen. One of Marvin's friends, Bill Osco, producer-director of *Alice In Wonderland* and *Flesh Gordon*, claims that Marvin sees himself as a celebrity of sorts today, a real live Gary Gilmore, suffering from AIDS.

I first realized that Marvin was probably innocent of Vicki Morgan's murder when I was informed that several of Alfred's sex tapes existed in late September 1983. I immediately attempted to get Marvin Pancoast out of jail on bond, which is when I first encountered "Cool Hand Luke," my nickname for Arthur Barens, Pancoast's attorney. I could never comprehend how a man with so much information could remain so calm.

My first meeting with Barens was reminiscent of one of Howard Hughes' strange confabs. It was on the morning of October 8th, during my melee with Judge Takasugi in court on the John DeLorean videotape case. Judge Takasugi was fining me $10,000 a day for refusing to reveal my source of the videotapes, an amount that later increased to $20,000 a day, and finally amounted to $120,000. As I was dressing for court, Barens came by my home in Bel Air to exchange information that might aid Marvin Pancoast's defense. Since my house was overflowing with guests and assorted members of the press, we sought refuge in an upstairs bathroom. I sat on one commode, Barens sat on the other, and we talked about my knowing who killed Vicki Morgan and his knowing what went on at Alfred Bloomingdale's estate. I am not normally impressed by attorneys, but Barens seemed a refreshing change from all his straight-walking high-priced colleagues. I am absolutely convinced of Barens' single-minded sincerity in obtaining an acquittal for Marvin Pancoast.

Barens had known Pancoast since Marvin was 13 years old, and whimsically recounted a story about how Marvin had once attempted to confess to the Charles Manson murders. I sensed that Barens had the same affection for Pancoast as a father might have for a wayward child that is out of control. At that meeting, I gave Barens $10,000 to pay his two investigators.

I went on to ask Barens to get an affidavit from one of the nurses who was present at UCLA Medical Center when Alfred Bloomingdale signed the famous document providing funds for Vicki in the event of his death as final evidence of his deep love for her. I told Barens I first became aware of the existence of this document when my wife Althea phoned me from Cedars Sinai Hospital to say that her nurse had also been Bloomingdale's nurse at UCLA Medical Center, and was present when Vicki came in to have Alfred sign the agreement. One of the male nurses present was asked to sign as a witness to the document. Following my request, Barens was to later obtain the nurse's affidavit as to the scene she witnessed, and the name of the male nurse who signed the document.

Attorney Marvin Mitchelson, who handled Vicki's case against Bloomingdale's estate, could no doubt tell an interesting

AP WIDE WORLD

Ed Meese

story about the disappearance of that document. By the end of our conversation, I was positive that Arthur Barens believed that his client was innocent of Vicki Morgan's murder, and that Marvin Pancoast was nothing more than a pawn in the whole Bloomingdale affair.

The intrigue began when Ed Meese, Reagan's top adviser, invited Marvin Mitchelson to the White House for a private dinner with the sole purpose of persuading him to give up the tapes that Vicki had obtained from Bloomingdale, along with the memoirs that she was working on. She had already submitted portions of her manuscript to the William Morris Agency, which was tantamount to giving them to the CIA. If the Morris agency had helped in getting her memoirs published,

MEGA

"Vicki made two mistakes: writing her memoirs and being Bloomingdale's mistress"

AP WIDE WORLD

Atty. Robert Steinberg

the IRS would have pounced on the agency on direct orders from the White House. So penning her memoirs was Vicki's second major mistake. Her first one was becoming Alfred Bloomingdale's mistress. Both led to the decision in the White House that Vicki had to go.

The scenario on the sex tapes goes something like this: Attorney Robert Steinberg held a news conference claiming to have seen videotapes of high-ranking Reagan Administration officials sexually involved with Vicki Morgan and others. I offered Steinberg $1 million for the sex tapes to flush them out if they did exist. The federal courts in Los Angeles could have done this by issuing a subpoena for them, as they did for the DeLorean tapes and my source for them, but, of course, they didn't dare do that. I hope some dumb judge does in fact try to subpoena the sex tapes. After I tell him to go screw himself, I will inform the ignorant bastard to get a copy from Henry Kissinger. He has a whole briefcase full of them. That's how he got his new job as head of President Reagan's Bipartisan Commission on Central America.

Approximately one week after I made Steinberg the offer, Kissinger got his assignment in central America. Since then, Kissinger has been completely in control of U.S. foreign policy, or should I say, completely out of control. A CIA source paints the situation, and a long-time friend of Henry and his wife, Nancy, sadly corroborates, that Kissinger's compulsive behavior is a combination of guilt coupled with a Marquis de Sade complex. President Reagan deserves an Emmy for his smiling appearance at the press conference announcing Kissinger's appointment.

AP WIDE WORLD

Henry Kissinger

AP WIDE WORLD

Sen. Paul Laxalt

My White House source, whom we will refer to as Deep Throat III, says that everything came to a head in the Vicki Morgan affair when Meese got a call from an FBI informant at the William Morris Agency. Meese in turn called Sen. Paul Laxalt, who was the star performer in one of the tapes that I have personally viewed, and own. Sen. Laxalt called Reagan. Ronnie told the senator that the matter was too close to home for him to do anything with William Morris, but that he would call a well-known singer. This information comes from a source whom I will call Deep Throat II. I had this man relocated from New Jersey to Los Angeles at a great deal of expense, and he's now in a place of safe-keeping with attorney Arthur Barens.

The singer contacted the mob in New Jersey, and between his cronies and Laxalt's Mormon Mafia Vicki Morgan was wasted in a grand American tradition that only Vito Genovese could fully appreciate. There will be checkbook journalism in this country like the world has never seen because the whores from the Fourth Estate must come through me for anything of any significance. If one of our first newspaper publishers, John Quincy Adams, could see the ass kissers who kneel before the kings and call themselves defenders of our freedom and keepers of a free press, he would no doubt roll over in his grave. ■

Scrooge in White House Blind to Hunger

by Tony Cavin

White House Counselor Ed Meese has probably done more for the cause of the hungry than anyone since Marie Antoinette. The portly presidential aide first raised eyebrows in early December when he told wire service reporters that allegations of hunger, "have been unsubstantiated," and are, "purely political." Meese maintained that he had never seen any authoritative data proving the existence of hunger in the U.S. He said that lines at soup kitchens are misleading explaining that, "people go to soup kitchens because the food is free and that's easier than paying for it." At a Washington luncheon where he was the featured speaker he said that he had been portrayed as Scrooge. But instead of denouncing the portrayal as unfair, Meese revised Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* by contending the consummate miser was not really such a bad guy after all.

Those who had trouble swallowing Meese's remarks, especially at the height of the holiday season with its sharp contrasts of well being, rebutted him. The Center on Budget and Policy Priorities quickly released a study titled, "Yes, Mr. Meese, There is Hunger in America." Among its conclusions: more than half of the emergency food programs surveyed reported that the number of persons seeking food assistance increased by 50 percent or more from February 1982 to February of 1983. Nearly one-third of the programs watched demand rise more than 100 percent during this same period, and one-quarter of the agencies had to turn people away during the year. Two-thirds of the agencies limited the number of times the same person could get food, from a provision of a three-day supply to once a month. A significant portion of those served sought aid because their food stamps did not provide enough to last through the month. According to the Center, food stamps now average 47 cents per person per meal. The Congressional General Accounting Office (GAO) issued its own report on hunger in June 1983. That study, which included 28 emergency food centers found that, "in almost all cases," demand at the centers was up from in the past.

There is no centralized national agency which coordinates figures on the extent of hunger. Rep. George Brown (D-California) is reported planning to introduce legislation to create such an agency when Congress returns to Washington. But regional data that is available indicates that there is a nation-wide pattern of hunger. In Massachusetts, the State Department of Health conducted a study of children in low income areas. According to the study between 10,000 and 17,500 children are injured due to chronic malnutrition. Nearly one in every five children studied had one or more of three key symptoms of malnutrition: stunted growth, abnormally low weight or anemia. In addition almost one-third of the children eligible for food stamps were not receiving the benefits.

The problem is not limited to the Northeast. A nutritional study done in Chicago indicates that not only is hunger a serious problem in that city but that the situation is getting worse. Initial findings showed that between the summer of 1981 and the summer of 1983 the number of children admitted to Cook County Hospital with signs of inadequate nutrition was up 24 percent. In June of 1983 children entering the hospital's emergency room were checked for abnormally low growth. Thirty percent were suffering from low growth, almost half of them were found to have inadequate diets.

In New York the evidence points in the same direction. Albert Einstein School of Medicine professor Dr. Victor Sidel headed up a survey of the nutritional status of people seeking food aid in the nation's largest city. The findings included the fact that those seeking such aid had an average intake of 1,200 calories a day, below the bottom end of the range recommended by the National Academy of Sciences as required for good health. The survey also found that persons interviewed who were in need of food aid were spending an *average* of 70 percent of their income on food.

The findings of the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities are echoed by figures from the Food Research and Action Center (FRAC). Among the major conclusions FRAC draws from its data are that while the need for food assistance is rising, public programs, slashed by the Reagan Administration, are unable to meet that need.

FRAC executive director Nancy Amidei puts the blame of hunger squarely on the shoulders of the Reagan Administration, "Mr. Meese and the President may not understand why people are hungry," she told a Washington press conference, "but they should. While more Americans were unemployed and falling into poverty, the Administration was busy cutting food stamps by 13 percent overall, school meals by 28 percent overall, and trying to get Congress to take food benefits from pregnant women and their high risk infants." Amidei dismisses Meese's claim that the administration is, "spending more than ever," on the poor. "Saying that more money is being spent," she counters, "only tells us something we already know: Everything costs more. I'm paying more for heat this winter but it doesn't mean my house is any warmer. Saying that we're spending more says nothing about whether we're spending enough."

FRAC director Amidei sees the situation quite simply. Hunger exists in the United States because large numbers of people simply do not have enough to eat. Her solution is equally straightforward, the government must be willing to spend the money required to feed those in need. While such sentiments may not be fashionable in Ronald Reagan's Washington, Amidei insists that, "the government must be prepared to do more than take cheap shots at hungry people."

Other nutrition activists agree. But despite the fact that White House counselor Meese brought the issue to the forefront of public debate, he may also have succeeded in redefining the question along Reaganesque lines. Now the debate is no longer, "What shall be done for the hungry? " but "Can we prove to the White House that hungry people exist? " ■

Tony Cavin is a reporter for Pacifica Radio News in Washington, D.C.

Inside The American Nazi Party

Take the wrong turn into *WHITES ONLY* tribalism

By Peter Lake

"A RACE WAR RAGES IN AMERICA BUT ONLY WHITE PEOPLE ARE BEING KILLED BECAUSE WHITE PEOPLE ARE KEPT IN IGNORANCE BY THE JEW-CONTROLLED COMMUNIST MEDIA": lettering on sign carried by Nazi Stan Wittick, Nov. 10, 1983, outside the West Valley Courts Building, Ontario, California, where Kevin Cooper was being tried for the murder of four people.

"HANG THE NIGGER": lettering on a sign carried by Nazi Mike Canale, outside the West Valley Courts Building.

"LYNCH THE AFRICAN TROGLODYTE": lettering on the observe side of Canale's sign.

"The Negro problem came with the Jew. The rape, sodomy, disease, welfare, ghettos, filth, etc. associated with the blacks is a natural result of our violation of our Father's Life Law Creation," Pastor Richard G. Butler, Hayden Lake, Idaho.

Rev. Butler first came to national attention in the fall of 1983 when ABC's *Nightline* interviewed Butler, the district attorney of Kootamie County, Idaho, Father Theodore Hesburgh of Notre Dame, and two civil rights advocates. Appearing stiff and awkward on the air, Butler proclaimed his desire to have an all-white United States, denied the holocaust had ever happened, and blamed Jews for all the problems of the world.

Ted Koppel, usually well-controlled and calm, became so exasperated with Butler that he said, to the effect, "If it's privacy you want up there in Idaho, then we don't ever want to hear from you again and we won't go up there looking for a story." Butler later blamed Koppel's unfriendly attitude on his being Jewish.

ABC might have washed its hands of Butler, but Los Angeles' CBS-owned-and-operated KNXT saw merit in his story when, shortly after the *Nightline* broadcast, it decided to produce a series on the Radical Right. John Sack, an experienced author (*The Trial of William Calley*), had begun working part-time as a feature news writer at the station when he was approached by Irv Rubin, militant leader of the Jewish Defense League. Irv had taken defecting Nazi-leader Mike Canale under his wing and offered to help him tell the true, inside story of the Radical Right.

Sack, in turn, brought the story to *The Rebel* with the hope that Mike and I would be able to write an account of life with neo-Nazis and, at the same time, be able to videotape their activities for KNXT.

Pastor Robert Butler

After days of deliberation, KNXT laid out its position: if Mike Canale could infiltrate me into the Nazis, if I could videotape their activities, and if I could show KNXT some good Nazi footage that they liked, then they would consider what to do next. In other words, they handed Mike and me a definite "maybe." We decided that before we traveled to Hayden Lake to visit the most visible neo-Nazi, Richard Butler, we'd take some footage of a demonstration planned at the Kevin Cooper preliminary hearing. As an excuse for taping, we would say that we were planning a trip to visit Pastor Butler and wanted to show him a documentary record of local Nazi and Klan activities. Kevin Cooper's preliminary hearing seemed like a good place to start.

Kevin Cooper is a young black man with a history of violence who was serving time at Chino Prison, one of Mike Canale's old haunts, when he decided he wanted out of the medium-security facility. Last summer he walked away from it, then apparently found his way to a nearby suburban house owned by husband-and-wife chiropractors.

The state of California maintains that Cooper killed the couple, their young daughter, a neighbor child, and nearly killed the couple's young son.

Stan Wittick thought a quiet Nazi protest outside the courtroom would garner media attention.

Inside the sleek, black vehicle gliding along the freeway, I was trying to videotape the Nazis without arousing their suspicions. An Iron Cross hung from the rear-view mirror, the "Horst Wessel" song played loudly from speakers at my feet, and everyone was having a fine time.

Carter Loven drove carefully. "This is what you should have on your Mercedes," he said to me, holding up the license plate of an SS concentration camp commandant. (Just the thing when I go to see my Jewish agent or Jewish lawyer in Beverly Hills.) Stan Wittick sat in the other front bucket seat, expounding on his favorite subjects.

"We've got something like 2,300 Nazi organizations in this country. Our struggle is to unify them. God help the enemies of this nation if we can get them all working together."

"We're only interested in making the American people aware that there are people concerned."

"The press will go where we go."

"Jerry Falwell's not a Jew," he said. "But he's more Jew than a Jew . . . It's a shame about the Syrians getting down on Yassar Arafat."

Mike Canale, sitting in a director's chair in back, was holding a short stick with a hangman's noose on one end, trying to fit it over the neck of a toy orangutan. He took time out to defend Ronald Reagan. "Reagan's not so bad. He don't take no shit from those Commies," Mike said. "He's the lapdog of Jew Zionists. Never forget it," Stan Wittick said. Then he turned to me, "And you can quote me on that." I wondered where he thought I was going to quote him.

Somewhere in Ontario we got lost. The theme from *Das Boot* swelled from the speakers and I thought of all the Nazi U-Boat movies I had ever seen. I wanted to yell, "Up periscope. Vere are ve? Vere are zose Amerikans?"

"Does anyone know where we are?" I asked.

"Sure," Mike said. "That's Chino Prison over there, where I served time for torching that synagogue."

"We took a wrong turn," Stan said.

When we finally found the courthouse, I was a little nervous about what kind of reception we might receive. This was, after all, my first Nazi demonstration. But the

boys told me not to worry. They knew what to do.

Mike and Stan readied their posters and Dick Rodgers carried out information leaflets. As Carter unfurled his Confederate battle flag, I recalled that the last time I had been in a parade I had carried a flag myself—as a Cub Scout. But, alas, the first person we encountered didn't seem as happy to see us as my mother had been that Memorial Day in Massachusetts when I led the Cub pack down Washington Street.

"That's the most un-American shit I've ever seen," he said. "Running down Jews—they never done nothing to you, you scumbag . . . You scumbag piece of shit."

I was glad that he was talking to Wittick. I certainly didn't have a snappy rejoinder handy. I edged away from Wittick and raised my video-camera, seeking anonymity in a viewfinder. Wittick seemed able to handle such abuse, however. He stood calmly, sign in hand, ignoring our tormentor.

"Why you mention the Jews? They're Americans just like you are."

"I don't like them," Wittick said, honestly.

"My old man was shooting Nazis when you were just a little boy, you fucking faggot."

Oh-oh. Like father, like son? Was he going to pull out a gun and start mowing us down? The Battle of the Bulge right here in Ontario, Cal.

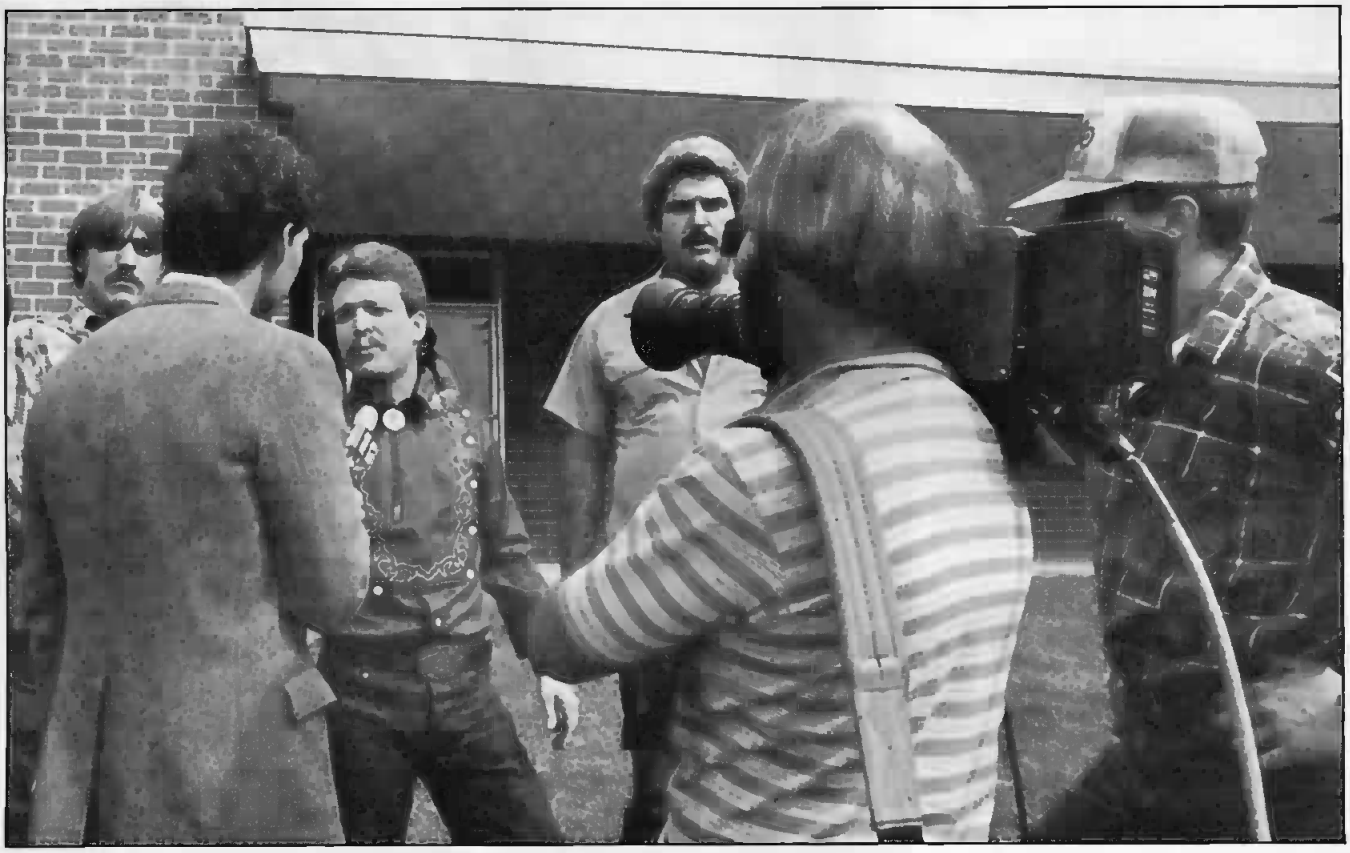
"You scumbag, cocksucking little queer. Take a shot (punch, I hoped he meant) at me you fucking faggot."

Cub Scouts give the same two-fingered salute that Nazis used when they pledged their fealty to Adolf Hitler. Fortunately, the people in my hometown never made any connection, or our little ears might have heard something like the diatribe against Wittick. Perhaps the close proximity of Temple Sholom to the courthouse guaranteed such a confrontation. The complaining man spit on the ground in front of Wittick and moved on.

Any doubts I had about the power of the Nazis to enrage public opinion vanished in that instant. My doubts about Wittick remained, however. I had been told that he lived with a Latin woman. In the Nazi world-order, Mediterraneans were not far above blacks, so super-Nazi was in conflict with his stated views. A newspaper article had recently described troubles Wittick had been having with his Jewish landlord, much of it thanks to the intervention of Irv Rubin and Mordecai Levy, the two most-hated Jews the Nazis ever mentioned. The one question never answered by Wittick, never answered by the press, never answered by any of the other Nazis was, "What does Wittick do for a living?" Whatever it is, he doesn't want anyone to know. Nearly every one of his friends thinks he's a police informant.

This sign was posted in front of the San Gabriel Valley courthouse during Kevin Cooper's arraignment

Demonstrators protest at the San Gabriel courthouse



Frank Silva is interviewed by a local news crew during the demonstration

Carter Loven has been known to trade information with the Jewish Defense League, partly to protect his own Nazi exhibit, partly to forestall threatening and harassing phone calls to his mother. Oddly enough, Carter doesn't rail about the Jews, although he makes no bones about not wanting to invite any in for dinner.

"The Jews don't bother me as much as some of the Mexicans in my neighborhood. If they all ganged up together, we'd have a real problem," he said once. At another time, however, Canale watched while Carter helped paint swastikas on Jewish tombstones in Hollywood. Stan Wittick's telephone number was helpfully included on the swastika stencil. Because of disenchantment with Wittick and the Nazi movement in general, Carter Loven will probably hang up his jackboots and live quietly in his museum, the Southern California equivalent of Nazis who retired to farms in Argentina.

For the whole of a November morning, however, Carter carried his Stars and Bars in front of the courthouse. KNXT sent a crew to cover the demonstration. John Sack interviewed Mike Canale, KKK Grand Cyclops Frank Silva, and some other Klan plants. The Los Angeles Police Intelligence Division also showed up and took photos of everyone. A black man asked Canale what a "troglodyte" is. "An animal that lives in the rocks," Mike said. "This shit ain't for me," the black man said.

KNXT refused to proffer any kind of contract and laid down a long list of rules to maintain their ethical purity. Apparently CBS was still smarting from the *60 Minutes* libel trial and not looking forward to the upcoming $100 million Gen. William Westmoreland libel trial. We could not direct, manipulate, stage, interview, question, rearrange, anything that was going on. Whatever happened, had to happen by itself. If I was going to tape it, I could not touch it, so to speak. KNXT's assistant news director refused to mention what such footage might be worth, but said only, "We're very, very, very interested in the footage. Take it from there."

Simply infiltrating without taping was going to be easy. Infiltrating while taping, on the other hand, would expose Mike and myself to additional risks.

Mike kept repeating that phrase I had come to hate so much, "They're not fools up there. If they find you out, what you're doing, they'll kill us both."

I bought a new video-recorder and camera and took Mike to a big-men's shop. Extra, extra-large clothes can't be found anywhere else. Swastikas are easier to find, as it turns out.

I'll always remember my first swastika. Mike promised me one when I first met him and he handed it to me soon after that over an order of Denny's french fries. I wondered where such things came from? Everywhere, it seems. Nazi memorabilia abounds in this country and one need only subscribe to *Shotgun News, Soldier of Fortune*, or other publications to find pages and pages of advertisements for enough equipment to equip several Wehrmacht or Waffen-SS divisions, serve a dinner to Hitler's general staff, or completely redecorate Berchtesgaden. Every large gun show also has a large display. Carter bought $600 worth of SS hats at the Pomona Gun Show. Mike had a friend buy him a .38 Derringer to protect himself in Idaho. Mild paranoia.

Acute paranoia struck Mike at the Seattle airport. "See those guys there. I think they're Feds." I wished the young businessmen he pointed out had been following us or that I could have just let my paranoia blossom along with Mike's. It's always easier to be crazy with someone else.

It would have been better, in fact, to have genuine badge-carrying Feds dogging our every step. The Nazis would think we were genuine dangerous people and therefore folk heroes. After all, every one of them eats, sleeps, dreams, and talks—especially talks—federal persecution. The Law wouldn't really bother us and someday might even give us medals for what we were doing. Surely I wouldn't have to worry about going to jail just for writing about the Radical Right. Certainly not. That was Major Error Number One.

Mike's fear of flying exploded off its moorings when we found that we had missed the connecting jet to Spokane and were shoehorned aboard a 19-seat propellor-driven commuter plane. As we droned on and on through the Washington wilderness, I could see him stealing glances out

(left to right) Dave Tate, Peter Lake, Silva, Gino, Randy Evans, Tom Bentley show solidarity in the office of Aryan Nations

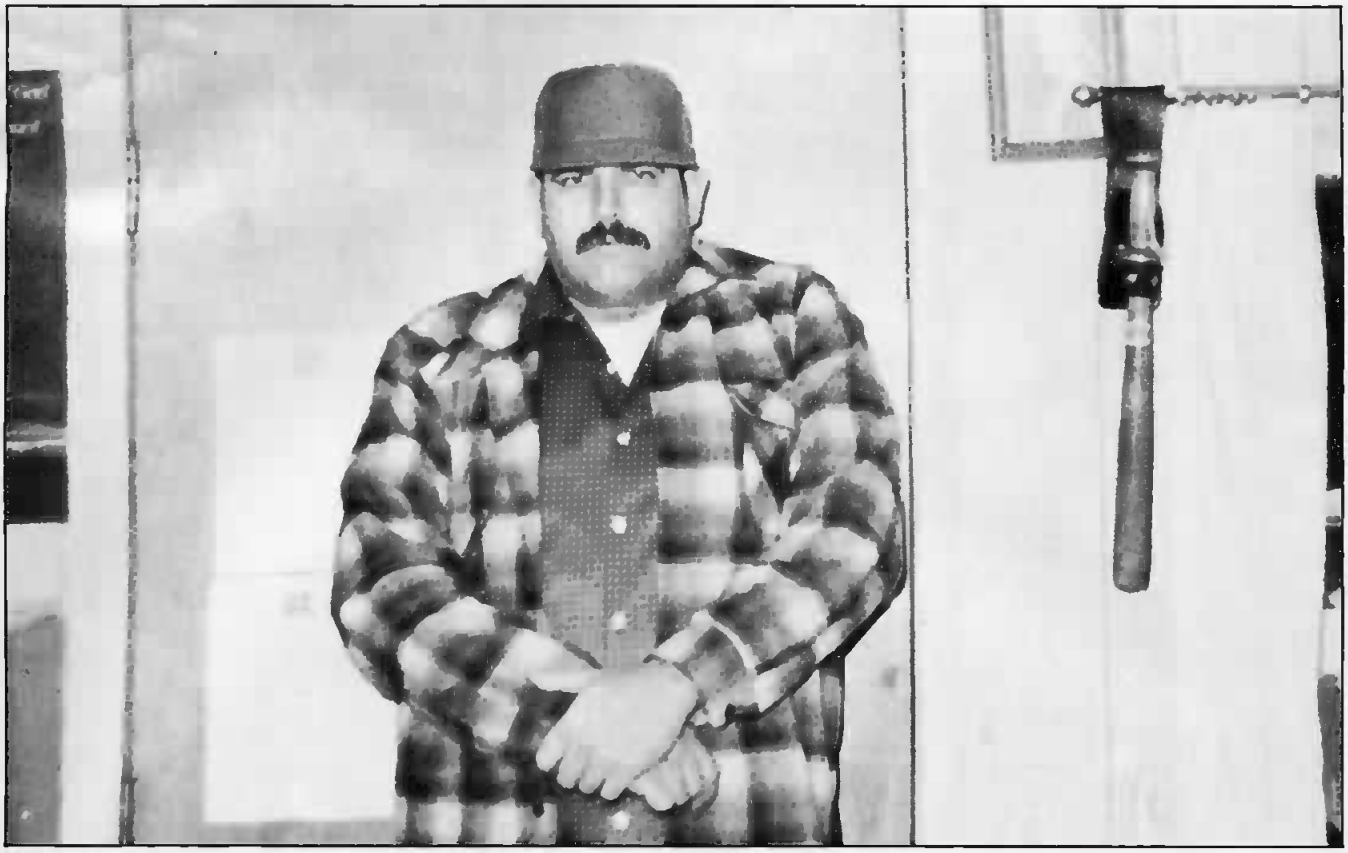
the window at the vast, wild land below. "Lots of places to bury somebody out there," he said, then fell asleep.

Roy Mansker and Tom Bentley greeted us in Spokane's damp dreariness. I knew the 70-year-old Mansker from the frequent cheery letters he had written to Mike in prison, (Sept. 30, 1983): "They say there are only about 20 niggers and about 100 kikes in Kootenai County, Idaho. I am learning about the kikes—who they are and where located. They know all about me so turnabout is fair. But one rarely sees a bush bunny. One of them whom one of our people was talking to . . . said he would not even hitchhike through Hayden Lake to get to Coeur d'Alene—he said 'them people would hang a nigger like me.' I'm glad they know." Or Jan. 6, 1983: "I'm not anti-semitic, I am anti-jew. Jews are not semitic in the first place. Those of our people who know that they have stolen our identity understand this."

Mike described Roy as a Klan leader in Idaho. A dangerous Klan leader. With silver-framed bifocals, red plaid cap, and down parka, he looked like a typical senior citizen greeting his grandchildren at the airport.

As a full-time Aryan Nations resident and staff-member, Tom Bentley had also written Mike in prison with encouragement and news of events. A frail, underweight man in his fifties, Bentley also blended innocuously into the rural residents of the Northwest. True hosts, they offered to carry the bags of men much

Evans, Kelly (with Lake's Bible) and Silva pose in Lake's motel room at Hayden Lake, Idaho



Canale in the Aryan Nations office at Hayden Lake

stronger and younger.

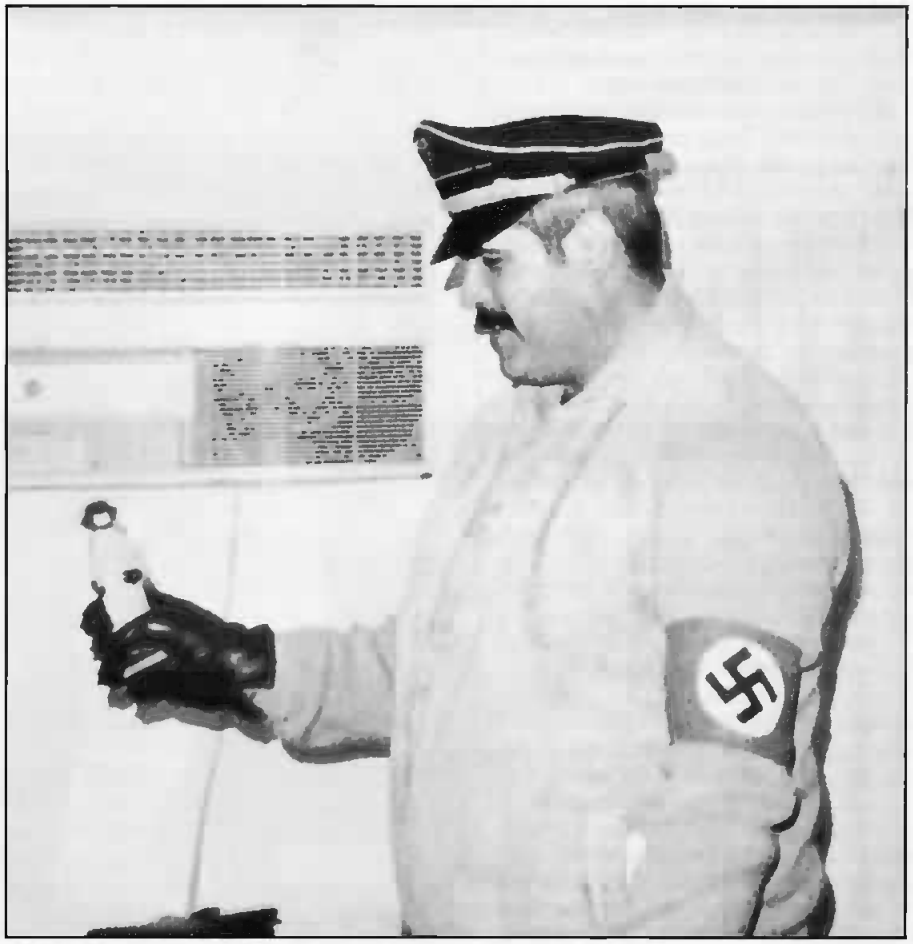
I had never told Mike why I had been so concerned for his warmth, but as soon as we left the terminal, he began to understand the reasons. The near-freezing temperature would be compounded by the constant wetness. On top of that, the stress imposed on us by the fear of discovery would rob several degrees from our body temperature. Thinking clearly and lying properly becomes all the more difficult when cold.

The first smell of real trouble came in the car. Before we had even left the airport parking lot, Roy said, "Quite a coincidence that you and CBS are both going to be here at the same time, isn't it?" Mike and I avoided looking at one another. "I guess so," Mike said strongly. "They said something to me at the Kevin Cooper trial about wanting to come up here, but I didn't realize they'd be here so quickly."

We hadn't even been with them ten minutes and Mike and I were already being interrogated. Once again, he saved the day, "That Jew, John Sacks (a clever, intentional error in John Sack's name that all the other Nazis constantly made), was talking to me quite a bit. I guess he wanted to get the whole story."

Immediately we were off the hook. Because Sack, the KNXT writer, was a Jew, Mike would not be suspected of dealing with him. Coincidence was all it would seem.

Roy took us to dinner in his trailer-home, where his wife had cooked a hearty



Canale contemplates a Rabbi effigy which was originally presented to John Sack of CBS

lamb and Idaho potato meal, followed by homemade huckleberry pie. When she offered me a second piece, I knew that we would have no trouble being believed by the rest of the tribe. The pie was too tasty to waste on traitors. If we could fool the three of them, we could fool the others. I also thought that the rest of the Aryan Nations' members would prove as adept at cooking as Roy's wife. These were Major Errors Two and Three.

Falsely accepting a family's hospitality, no matter how modest the surroundings, no matter how noble the motive, struck a sad note in both Mike and me. No matter how preposterous the conversation, no plots were being hatched, no plans were being made to blow up civilization. Of course, the Jews were the subject of vilification, but I was still enthralled at what was then the novelty of the reasoning behind their bigotry. Like a beginning French student traveling in Paris, I eagerly added new phrases, new idioms to my vocabulary. Nothing was wasted, nothing was lost. Roy and his wife didn't merely complain about the Commie-Jew-world-banker-conspiracy the way the L.A. Nazis did, they brought God into the conversation.

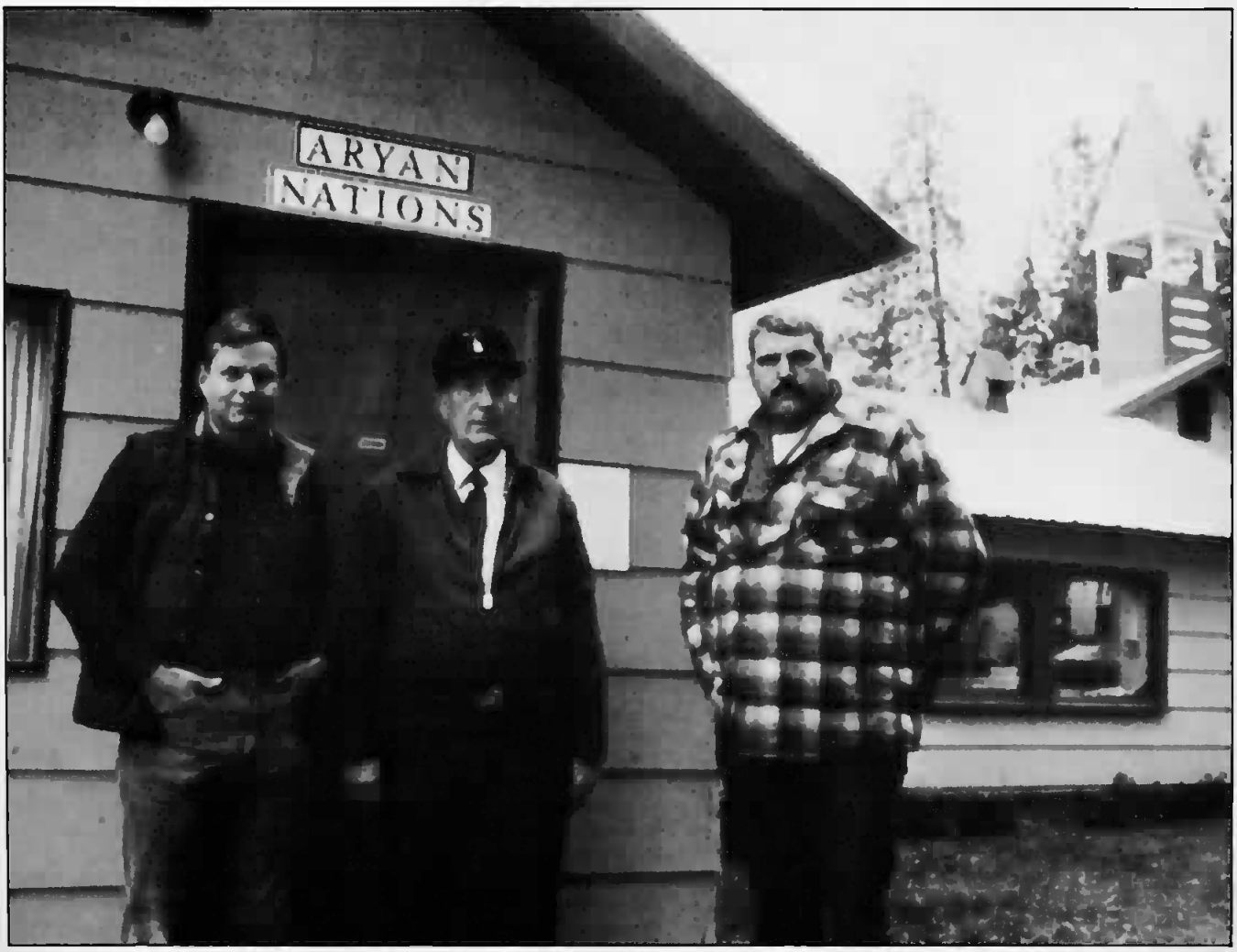
In that dining room I became aware that more than pure, irrational bigotry was at work. Whereas Hitler had chosen merely to apppeal to people's feelings about the Jews, Roy and Tom spouted voluminous Biblical references to support their anti-Semitism. (And a Bible, familiar Christian salvation-redemption theology my Lutheran father had relentlessly tried to burn into my pre-pubic brain. This was new, heretical interpretations of the Bible: the Christian Identity theory that permeates all of the Radical Right and unites Nazis and Klansmen with nearly every other white supremist group in the world.

After lunch, Roy drove us through the cold Idaho afternoon to the bucolic town of Hayden Lake. Canada was less than 100 miles away. We turned off the main street and headed up to cloud-enshrouded mountains, past working farms, and through a rough-hewn log gate. The final few hundred yards took us up to a gate bearing a sign, "WHITES ONLY." We had arrived at Aryan Nations, headquarters of Richard Butler.

The compound of small trailers, chapel, barn, 30-foot guard-tower, and small houses looked like a dismal summer camp that never quite got its act together. Through the freezing rain, the isolation, Mike's (and now my) paranoia, and a head full of warnings about Aryan Nations, I realized we had reached a very distant outpost of the United States. In five days, as Aryan Warriors ourselves, we would try to learn just how distant.

"THE GOAL OF ARYAN NATIONS: To ordain and establish a STATE representing the voice and will of the White Aryan Race as a DIVINELY ORDAINED SOVEREIGN INDEPENDENT PEOPLE, separated from all alien, mongrel people in every sphere of their individual and national life . . . HAIL HIS VICTORY!"—from "The Aryan Warrior" by Pastor Richard G. Butler. ■

(To be continued)



(left to right) Lake, Butler and Canale in front of Aryan Nations headquarters

Author Lake, (right) stands tall in a borrowed uniform

Butler and Canale

Who Is the Chosen Tribe?

Identity's revisionist doctrine underlies every major white supremist group in the country yet is largely unknown outside its adherants. A 19th-century concept that has shown strong gains in the past 30 years, "Identity" will either anchor the neo-Nazi movement and enable it to weather out storms of criticism or will drag Christianity further down into the quagmire that has recently engulfed it.

Identity theology disputes traditional Christian theology so deeply that the first contact with it tends to produce incredulity and outright derision. It's every bit a "headslapper." But make no mistake, Identity holds a loaded, cocked gun right in the gut of humanity. And it's meant to do just that.

Its essential belief springs from Identity's super-literal translation of the King James Bible and enables all the elements of racism, bigotry, and intolerance to be easily united under the holy banner of religious infallability.

Briefly, the "two-seed theory" holds that Eve mated with two sexual partners who fathered her children. With Adam, her legitimate mate, Eve gave birth to the white race. With Satan as the father, Eve conceived Cain and a whole race of eternally damned devils. Those "children of Satan" are, of course, the Jews who, in different combinations and permutations, are related to every "mongrel" race in the world. (That is, every non-white.) And "white," as Identity and the neo-Nazis use the word, does not mean "Caucasian." "White" only means pure white Anglo-Saxon. Additionally, "white" includes only the true believers of the Identity doctrine who will also follow the political implications of Identity theory. Identity followers contemptuously refer to Christian white people who would otherwise be acceptable but who have been "brainwashed by the jew-controlled media" or "betrayed by corrupt ministers" as "goyim," a Yiddish term for non-Jews.

In the world architecture of the Radical Right, the pure "whites" stand at the top, followed by the tolerable, but untrustworthy "goyim," followed far behind by the "mongrels" (blacks, yellows,) followed far again by the Jews. Below even the Jews a special place is reserved for the "race traitors," those white men (women don't even count in anything) "who turn against their breatheren" and try to live harmoniously with the mongrels and the Jews, thereby allegedly betraying their own inheritance.

This is the podium in the auditorium at Aryan Nations

Depending on the perfidy of a particular race traitor, extreme sanctions may be recommended or encouraged. (It remains to be seen how the author of this article will be regarded.)

If the Bible is taken for the only law that counts, than any act of civil disobedience becomes acceptable, so long as it squares with the notion that the white race is the only legitmate inheritor of God's (Yahweh's) blessing. By tracing the Biblical prophesies and applying them to the two-seed theory, Identity comes to the conclusion that the true Israelites—God's chosen people—are not the Jews, but the white race. If you guessed where the true home of that race is, then you know why the neo-Nazis want the Jews and mongrel nations out of the United States.

So, white Americans, here's news to you: you are the Chosen People and the U.S. of A. is the real promised land. Anyone not agreeing or liking that please take a hike—or a long swim.

Now some white men (and women) and some Jews might be inclined to say, "So what if the Jews aren't the chosen people. Let the crazies say they're the true Israelites. Who cares? Maybe they're right."

Maybe they are and, from a religious standpoint, it's all a matter of opinion anyway. The Moslems think they are the chosen people and everyone else is a devil. Same game, different players. The good atheist couldn't care less. But, once you start saying that someone is less than human and therefore doesn't have a soul because they are of a different race, it then becomes easy to load those people into boxcars and send them off to the ovens.

And that, by the way, brings up another sore point. "That oven stuff is a load of crap," they will tell you. Germany didn't gas six million Jews, according to the neo-Nazis. Manfred Roeder, super-Nazi and Hitler Youth member serving 13 years in a West German prison for a terrorist bombing, explains, "I'm sick of apologizing for killing six million Jews. We didn't do it . . . And even if we did, it wasn't enough . . . No Jew has the right to live . . . if he professes the Jewish religion." The Radical Right even has reduced denial of the holocaust to bumper stickers: "I was gassed six, no eight, times."

There you have what almost everyone in the Radical Right believes—that the Jews have made too much of the holocaust and that it really wasn't such a bad idea, even if it did happen. And while few neo-Nazis ever are so impolitic as to suggest that they want to start storing up Zyclon-B along with their dried vegetables, one always gets the impression that when the Auschwitz Express blows its whistle, they will be happy to sell tickets and yell, "Booaard!"

After all, the reasoning would go, Jews are inherently and unredeemably evil, they are all trying to exterminate or monetarily enslave the white race, and Yahweh regards them as the children of Satan. "Booaard!"

And one last thing: all that stuff those traitorous Christian ministers try to tell you about Jesus being a Jew and being put to death by the Jews, that's a lot of crap. The Jews killed Jesus Christ, all right, but not because he was a Jew. He wasn't. Why not? Because he was a true Israelite, just like all the other Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, Norman, Germanic peoples of the world. But Jesus a Jew? Forget it. He was a "Hebrew" and if you don't believe in Jesus and his not being a Jew, you're probably a child of Satan yourself. Get in that line over there. ■

The Perfect Computer Crime

The twelve days following the theft became a nightmare

By Bruce Henderson and Jeffrey Young

Customs at Los Angeles International Airport was crowded on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 29, 1978, when Stan Rifkin picked up his single suitcase from the circular conveyor and stepped over to one of the long, twisting lines of travelers heading for the baggage inspection area. He was one of the best-dressed passengers in line. Many of the people seemed to be vacationers, coming home from a European stay in dirty and wrinkled clothes. He was wearing a dark, three-piece suit and was freshly washed and shaved, which he accomplished in the plane's cramped lavatory. In addition to his suitcase, he was carrying a handsome briefcase. He couldn't have looked more like an American businessman—probably a middle-level manager—if he had spent months planning his attire.

As the line inched forward, he concentrated on relaxing. He could feel a bead of sweat breaking free under his armpit and trickling down his side under the starched white shirt. He worked on his shallow breathing, trying to keep it under control by forcing longer inhalations and exhalations. Had he read somewhere that nervous breathing was one thing that gave away many smugglers? Oh, and the upper lip was important, too. He put down his briefcase and wiped his upper lip. There was no perspiration yet. He smiled to himself.

Finally, he was at the front of the line.

"Anything to declare—Mr. Rifkin?" asked the agent, a middle-aged man with bushy eyebrows, as he scrutinized his blank customs declaration and passport.

"No. Just a business trip," said Rifkin, wearing his best winning smile.

The agent picked up on several things off the declaration almost simultaneously. The man had a Sepulveda address in the San Fernando Valley. He was a U.S. citizen. He had arrived on Air France Flight #003. And he had checked the "no" box on questions number nine, ten and eleven.

> 9. Are you or anyone in your party carrying any fruits, plants, meats, other plant or animal products, birds, snails, or other live organism of any kind?
>
> 10. Have you or anyone in your party been on a farm or ranch outside the U.S.A. in the last 30 days?
>
> 11. Are you or any family member carrying over $5,000.00 in monetary instruments such as coin, currency, traveler's checks, money orders, or negotiable instruments in bearer's form?

He had also signed the certification.

> 12. I certify that I have declared all items acquired abroad as required herein and that all oral and written statements which I have made are true, correct and complete.

The customs laws were clear.

The agent turned over the long, narrow declaration statement—shaped exactly like a traffic ticket—and saw that the man had declared nothing in writing. And with his well-trained eyes, the agent looked at the passenger and instantaneously took him in. Nicely dressed. Tie and white shirt. Neat haircut. Clean shaven. Carrying a briefcase. A friendly smile. No outward signs of nervousness. He was obviously what he looked like: a successful businessman. He didn't fit the profile of a smuggler. Still, the agent needed to open for cursory inspection his quota of bags on this shift. This would not be an examination, just simply a visual inspection.

"Open your suitcase, please," the agent said.

Rifkin wasn't sure he had heard right. When he saw the agent waiting for the bag to be opened, he immediately reached for the small key in his pocket and began unlocking the bag. His mind was reeling in disbelief. This was impossible. It had never happened before. Of all the times he had been through here, they had not once asked for him to open his luggage. Why now? Was his name on some kind of wanted list? No, that wasn't it. He would be causing considerably more attention if that was the case. It had to be just a routine look. Lucky for them and unlucky for him. It just wasn't right, after doing everything so well and precise, that he could be caught in an accidental net. Should he laugh and spring his cover story now? It would look very bad if he waited for them to find the gems. A dozen agents would lead him into a back room, strip him naked and begin the lengthy interrogation. He now sent a two-word order to the rest of his body: CALM DOWN. Play this scene out a little longer.

"Certainly," Rifkin said, trying to stay in character. When the lock snapped open, he lifted the top of the bag open.

The agent bent down and reached beneath the carefully packed clothing, looking at the bottom of the suitcase to make sure there was no false bottom. His expert hand touched socks, pajamas and the plastic shirt container Everything seemed in order. He straightened up and signed his initials to the declaration. "Thank you, sir," he said, motioning the businessman on.

Rifkin stood still for a moment before realizing he had made it. Putting the diamonds in the shirt container had been another stroke of genius. He quickly locked the bag and swung it to his side. Heading out a nearby set of double doors, he found himself at the head of a stairway overlooking the arriving international passenger's lounge.

He stood at the top of the stairs, regaining his composure. He felt slightly faint from the closeness of the customs inspection. Crowds swirled below him. Just beyond the room and through more double doors was the madhouse traffic snarl of the airport: taxis, buses, cars, all jammed up around the circular drive.

He was home free. All he wanted now was to get away from the airport and melt into the metropolis he knew so well.

Cautiously, so as not to stumble on his weak legs, he went down the stairs, through the lounge and out into the harsh light of a warm, smoggy fall day. He crossed a narrow access road filled with a row of waiting taxis and headed for the multi-level parking structure where his car was parked.

A short time later, he pulled up in front of the L'Ermitage Hotel in Beverly Hills. The front desk clerk thought nothing of the well-dressed man paying for his $300-a-night suite in advance and in cash. Part of the daily business of running one of the most expensive and least ostentatious hotels in the fabled city of Beverly Hills was learning not to ask too many questions when well-heeled guests came up with somewhat unusual requests. L'Ermitage, formerly an apartment building converted by a refugee Iranian millionaire into a luxurious hotel, was accustomed to discretion. After all, cash was cash, whether it came from a soft-speaking businessman or an oil-rich playboy sheik.

"Very well, Mr. Garnet," the clerk said, counting the collection of hundred, twenty and ten-dollar bills and writing out a receipt. "Now, if you'll select your four-digit door code and punch the numbers into this machine."

He was presented with a small electronic box that had ten numbered keys on it, much like the numeric keyboard of a small computer. He selected still another numerical code and pressed the appropriate numbers.

The newly-registered David Garnet allowed the bellboy to carry his luggage up to the third-floor suite and carefully watched him the entire way. The bellboy

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Excerpted from **Improper Access** *by Bruce Henderson and Jeffrey Young.* © *1983.*

stopped at the door to Room 304 and waited for him. Next to the doorjamb was a smaller electronic box with numbers. A tiny red light was on at the bottom of the box.

"Did they explain how this works?" said the bellhop.

"I think I can manage," said Stan Rifkin, smiling at the irony of it. Here he was in Beverly Hills, with a suitcase full of gems that had been bought by money stolen with a bank computer and his room had a computerized lock on it. Nice, very nice. He pressed the right numbers and the red light went out and a green light came on next to it.

The bellboy turned the door knob and pushed the door open. He placed the suitcase on a luggage rack in the closet and departed as soon as he received a tip.

When the door closed softly, Rifkin locked it from the inside. He took his coat off and hung it up. Then he went to the window and looked down on the grass that ran through the middle of Burton Way and now had several joggers working their way along it.

This latest episode of his life was becoming even more amazing than he could have ever imagined. Coming up with the name David Garnet, at the last moment, was pretty clever. And of course, he needed to pay cash. The only problem now was that he was running out of cash. He would have to sell some of the diamonds soon.

He was hungry, thirsty and horny. Everything would be taken care of in due time. He was caught up in the exhilaration of a new life and he was loving every moment of it. He wanted to shout from the balcony about what he had done and who he was. Instead, he just watched the traffic move by below and plotted the next few steps of this wonderful game. . . .

Diamonds, diamonds, diamonds

Rifkin stepped from the L'Ermitage Hotel, tipped the uniformed attendant and jumped into his Datsun. Dressed in a business suit and clutching an expensive man's purse under his arm, he headed for the intersection of Wilshire Boulevard and Rodeo Drive, the most expensive shopping boulevard in the United States.

Minutes later he was walking down Wilshire, keeping a tight grip on the bag under his arm. He wasn't about to let go of it without a fight, for in an envelope at the bottom of the purse were two dozen diamonds that he intended to sell. He had run out of cash. This was what his plan called for him to do for the rest of his life. Sell a few diamonds whenever he needed money. The gems were tangible evidence of his new and altered life, one of wealth and privilege that he felt he had long deserved. They were the fuel to his soaring fantasies.

Searching for just the right store, he soon found it. Le Vieux Paris, on the corner of Wilshire and Beverly Drive, was one of the smaller jewelers in the area. His reflection appeared in the heavy plate glass window before he went through the door.

Stan Rifkin

Looking around the carpeted showroom with uncertainty, he wasn't sure how to approach the selling of gems to a jeweler. He had never done it before. Behind a desk off to one side sat two middle-aged men. As Rifkin moved toward them, one of the men stood up.

"Good afternoon, sir," the man said politely. "Can I help you?" The well-dressed jeweler examined his customer over the top of half-frame glasses. Probably a banker or lawyer, he guessed. Those were the only people who wore three-piece suits in this town. He wasn't very successful, either, because the suit obviously cost less than $200. He guessed the man wanted to buy a wedding band or perhaps a gold chain for his girlfriend.

"Do you buy diamonds?" Rifkin said, starting to blush. He realized that he must control his discomfort or the jeweler would think the gems were stolen.

"Buy diamonds?" the jeweler said curiously. "Why, yes we do."

"Well, I would like to sell some. My aunt died recently and left me a few small stones."

"I would be happy to look at them." These were the kind of guys he always mentioned when his partner argued over the sign up in the window that said "We Buy Jewelry." He personally thought it took away from the store's class. But his partner disagreed so vehemently that the sign remained. He watched the customer unsnap the lock on the leather purse, open it and take out an envelope.

The jeweler took the envelope to a nearby counter and emptied the contents into a black velvet tray. The gems caught the available light in the store and sparkled brightly. As he studied them under an eyeglass, he saw that they were an assortment of commercial cuts from about a half-carat to over two carats. Nicely cut, faceted but unfinished, ready to be used in bigger pieces or be recut for smaller settings. He was hearing the customer say something about how they had been in a safe deposit box. These were too modern to have been in hiding for long. But he didn't care about their history. They were of decent quality and if the guy's identity checked out he would buy them.

"These are okay stones," the jeweler finally said. "But the resell market is low these days. I don't think I could offer you more than, say, sixty-five hundred for the dozen. I'm sorry but that's the best I could do."

"That's fine," the customer said quickly. "Could I have cash? "

What was strange, the jeweler thought, was not the request for cash—many people did that in an effort to avoid income tax scrutiny—but the man's disinterest in negotiating. Perhaps he should have offered five-thousand even. He looked away from the customer's round face to the diamonds in front of him. He knew they were worth double what he was paying for them.

"Fine, sir," the jeweler said. "Cash is no problem but I will have to see your driver's license to record the transaction."

"Record the transaction?" Rifkin said worriedly.

"Beverly Hills police procedure. We're required to keep a record of the names of sellers of gems. It is merely a formality, I assure you."

Rifkin reached slowly into his pocket and brought out his wallet. He was sorely tempted to call the deal off. This would be the first time that his name was going to be connected with the actual diamonds. He had discussed diamonds with Goodgame, and Stein of course knew about these particular diamonds. But he had been careful not to let Stein know that he had taken possession of them. Now, as he reached into his wallet, he had a strong foreboding that something was not right. He steeled himself and handed over his license.

The jeweler glanced at the license. "Thank you, Mr. Rifkin. I will have to look you up in our book, too."

Rifkin waved his hand with what he hoped would look like casual dismissal.

A minute later, the jeweler looked up from his book of license numbers and announced that the sale could go through.

There was nothing remiss with his identification, of course. Nonetheless, Rifkin felt worried. Perspiration had collected under his shirt and his collar felt tight. Although he was certainly not fencing stolen goods for the first time he felt like a criminal.

Only when he walked out into the fresh air with sixty-five hundred-dollar bills safely tucked away did he feel safe and renewed. It actually hadn't been that difficult. Looking forward to pulling out the first big bill, he strolled down Wilshire and turned up Rodeo Drive. Sleek women window shoppers idled by and tanned men in open neck shirts moved past him with an easy confidence. The day was warm and sunny; typically California. Expensive cars parked at the curb. Instinctively, he reached up to smooth his thin curly hair covering the encroaching bald pate that he didn't like to admit was growing larger. Although he wanted to mingle with this kind of people and be accepted as one of them, he didn't feel comfortable among them. He would have to buy a new wardrobe, for sure. But would that make him feel any more relaxed? He had never been one of the idle rich and it might be too late to learn the trade.

He crossed the street to Van Cleef and Arpels jewelry store. With little hesitation he walked directly into the exclusive jewelry shop. He had done this before. He now knew that selling diamonds was a snap.

It took only a few minutes for him to be ushered to a seat in a private viewing room where a jeweler with a scale and eye loupe weighed, inspected and purchased the dozen diamonds remaining in his purse. About 30 minutes later he was on his way to the jewelry store's local bank with a check for $8,500, for they claimed not to have sufficient cash in the till.

Inside a bank for the first time since he walked from Security Pacific's wire transfer room last week, he ran into trouble. The bank manager at the Beverly Hills branch of Wells Fargo Bank refused to cash the check, identification or not. He had to go back to Van Cleef's for another signed piece of paper before the $8,500—in 100s, 50s and 20s—was turned over to him. It was after 3 p.m. when he finally left the bank and hurried to his car.

Suddenly, things weren't looking so good. The incident at the bank may have made him too visible. It might be only a matter of time before one of these bankers or jewelers called the police and said there was a guy named Stan Rifkin who was running around selling diamonds. On the other hand, his caper must still have been undiscovered or he would have had more trouble selling the gems. But even by the time he was safely back in the hotel, the exposure problem still bothered him.

His plan was to drive out to the Valley the following day to see his mother and some friends. Time was important now. There was no telling when the bank would find the shortfall. He must finish his business in town and get to New York, where he could set in motion an operation to guarantee him a lifelong income. He was going into the diamond business. No more trips to individual jewelry stores and their

Security Pacific National Bank

banks for him. No, he was going to approach this as a business. He would have a front man and everything would be legal and aboveboard. He would be a *retired* computer programmer.

That night he was restless. When the phone rang in the midnight darkness, he jumped up in bed and reached for the receiver, illuminated by a flashing red light. It had to be a wrong number. Probably an angry wife searching for an errant husband.

"Hello?" he said warily.

The voice that came from the instrument sent a chill up his spine. "Listen very carefully, Stan." The tone was conspiratorial, muffled and methodical. "The FBI is on your trail. You'd better get out of town."

Rifkin's groggy mind whirled and spun. How many people knew that David Garnet in Room 304 was actually Stan Rifkin? Gary Goodgame was the only one. Or was he?

"Gary, is that you? Please tell me—"

With a loud click the connection was severed.

Rifkin turned on the bedside lamp and swung his short legs off the bed. He listened to the electronic hum of the dead line and then slowly replaced the receiver. He immediately dialed the front desk and was put on hold. When the disinterested night clerk came back on the line, Rifkin asked where the call to his room had come from. The clerk put him on hold again and then came back, explaining that all they knew was that the switchboard had put the call through from the outside. He told the desk man to have his bill ready by dawn, as he was getting an early start.

The next call he placed was to a Valley number. When the familiar female voice came over the line, muffled and confused by the late hour, he felt better. Lynn Douglas, a thirtyish brunette, was surprised to hear from him. Like all his friends, she had not heard from him for a while. And she had become worried, too, when learning that he had not shown up for work at National Semiconductor six days before. She told him that his would-be employer had filed a missing person's report with police and that his mother was worried.

He told her not to worry about all that. He was fine. In fact, he was happier than he had been in some time. He was in town for a brief stay, he explained, and had planned to call and take her to dinner tomorrow night. But now some things had come up and he needed to leave in a few hours. Would she come over now to Beverly Hills and see him? After grumbling about the late hour, she said yes and he gave her directions.

It was about 3 a.m. when she arrived at the hotel and entered 304. She had been his student at Valley State and now worked for him part-time in his computer consulting business. They had been on-and-off-again lovers for a couple of years.

Rifkin was already packed to leave when he showed her into his room. He had laid out her presents. The coat he had bought in Geneva and a couple of small diamonds. He told her he was going to disappear for a while and no one was going to know where he was. But he would be just fine and she should tell everyone who asked about him just that. Then they made love.

After she left three hours later, Rifkin put in an early-morning call to his worried mother. He assured her, too, that everything was going to be all right. She just had to trust him, no matter who came knocking on her door with tales about him. She demanded that he come to see her. No, he was sorry but he couldn't. Not this trip anyway.

He considered calling Gary Goodgame, too, but finally decided against it. If the lawyer didn't make the telephone call, then he didn't want to concern him with such an inquiry. And if he had made the call, that meant he had probably been in contact with the FBI. In that case, he wanted no further contact with the attorney.

He paid the hotel bill in cash and climbed into his car just as dawn was beginning to creep over the eastern rises of the Los Angeles basin. It was now Tuesday, he reminded himself. If the mysterious caller had been accurate, the FBI now knew about him and he would have to be careful about using his real name.

He drove through the nearly-deserted streets of Beverly Hills, turning up toward the big houses on the hill. Down the wide boulevards, then up past the salmon and aquamarine Beverly Hills Hotel, sitting in

the early-morning light with its upper reaches bathed in a sharp yellow light. He drove along Sunset Boulevard, past the maids—black and brown faces in white uniforms—waiting in line for the next bus. He wound his way up the bends and curls of Coldwater Canyon, past several joggers. Running was so stupid. There were better things to do with one's time and energy. Besides, it was dangerous. A person could get hit by a car and killed.

He had the cotton moneybelt around his waist, filled with diamonds. Just in case something happened to the suitcase, he wouldn't lose all of the gems. The belt around his middle made him appear even more portly than he was but he knew he had the build to carry it. And anyone laughing at his looks would change their tune if they knew the fortune he had around his waist.

At the stop sign on Mulholland at the ridge of mountains behind Beverly Hills, the nose of the car pointed up the final steep hill and he turned to the east, driving along the asphalted crest that divided the Los Angeles basin and the Valley. The old road had long been a racing spot for youthful speedsters. The car slipped back and forth down the winding road until it began the descent to the Valley side of the incline.

Just before Ventura Boulevard, he stopped at a large newsstand and bought the early-morning edition of the *Los Angeles Times*. He stood on the pavement and flipped through the paper. Nothing about him or the bank. Walking back to his car, his eyes caught the technical magazine section and all the computer magazines that he had read regularly for years. He kept walking. He'd leave that to the younger guys. The brilliant 23-year-olds who were coming out of college with grandiose plans to build computers that would operate household robots and other futuristic functions. How could he keep competing with that? Now, he didn't have to. He'd find new intellectual challenges somewhere else. Somewhere that you didn't need to keep competing with youngsters. Somewhere that experience counted for something. Somewhere that money was important.

Rifkin ran across the street to his car and got back behind the wheel. Traffic was beginning to build now, as workers headed for their jobs. The faces behind the wheels looked so bored and disspirited. Had he looked like that when he drove to work in the morning? That was one thing he would never have to do again.

He drove to the Burbank Airport, located in the middle of the Valley. He parked the car and walked to the main terminal building. The furthest he could get in the next few hours was Las Vegas. He bought a first class ticket and was on his way by nine o'clock.

Below him as the plane ascended, the smog of the city quickly obscured his vision of the City of the Angels. All that was now behind him. He had to turn his attention to the future. . . .

Mother is worried

FBI special agent Robin Brown wasn't surprised when word reached him that Rifkin had called Paul O'Brien, apparently from California, and left a San Diego-area post office box number. His hunch about Rifkin returning to California seemed on target.

Brown jumped into an official car parked behind the highrise federal offices building in Westwood and headed south on the wide San Diego Freeway. Using the two-way radio, Brown made some important arrangements. A backup car carrying several more agents from the L.A. white-collar crime detail would meet them at the Carlsbad Police Department. And more agents from the FBI resident agent's office in nearby Vista would also rendezvous in the small town of Carlsbad, population 24,000, located some 60 miles south of Los Angeles and 30 miles north of San Diego.

In little more than an hour, Brown was briefing the assembled agents in a neon-lit squad room. He ordered one car to go east on Highway 78 and then south on 101 to check roadside motels for the suspect. Another car he sent west on Highway 78 to Escondido and a third car up 78 to north on 101. Given Rifkin's recent propensity for paid lodgings, Brown considered this search operation a good bet. It was almost embarrassing at the ease with which Rifkin had slipped through the FBI net in Rochester. Brown intended to give the suspect a more difficult time.

Another agent got on the telephone to the Vista post office. Finally, through an emergency number, they were able to reach the home of the postmaster. It was 11 p.m. when the groggy supervisor was awakened and asked to come down to the post office to supply a home address for a post office box renter.

Brown hurried to the post office and learned Dan Wolfson's Carlsbad home address. Then, five agents in two cars drove the 10 miles to the seaside town. The burning question for Brown was whether Rifkin would actually be staying with Wolfson. At first glance, it was unrealistic for the agents to hope so. Rifkin would certainly know that the home addresses of box renters would be made available to law enforcement officials. But foolhardy as it might seem, Brown didn't totally disregard the possibility. Rifkin must be exhausted from the coast-to-coast chase and maybe he was making careless mistakes. And if they did find him, what about the diamonds? Would he have them with him? The only way to answer these questions was to pay an unexpected visit to the home of Dan Wolfson.

Brown and agent Norm Wight went to the front door while three other agents covered the back door. At a few minutes after midnight, Brown knocked on the apartment door. When there was no immediate response, Brown knocked again. Even though he carried an arrest warrant for Rifkin, he did not have a search warrant and could not legally enter the premises without permission unless he had a compelling reason to think that the fugitive was inside. Brown was determined to play by the rules. Not only was it his normal way of doing things, but like all conscientious modern-day law enforcement officials, he wanted to be extra careful that this case would not later be blown out of court on a technicality.

After the third series of knocks, the door parted slightly, revealing a medium-sized man with rumpled blonde hair.

"FBI special agents Brown and Wight," Brown said, while both agents showed their credentials. "Dan Wolfson?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen Stan Rifkin?"

Wolfson said nothing as he looked sadly at the agents.

"Is Stan Rifkin here?" said Brown while cautiously eyeing the movements of Wolfson and searching for any activity that could be observed in the apartment.

"Mr. Wolfson, this is serious business," said agent Wight. "There are statutes against harboring a fugitive. Here is a picture of the suspect."

Wolfson studied the small picture that the agent held up.

"Is Stan Rifkin here?" Brown repeated.

"I don't know."

Brown thought quickly. It was a strange answer and one that, to him, seemed to provide *probable cause*, just what the agents needed to make their move. It was unlikely that Wolfson didn't know whether a wanted fugitive was in his apartment. The two agents both drew their revolvers and Brown brushed past the startled Wolfson and entered the softly-lit living room. Within seconds the agents slapped handcuffs on Wolfson.

Brown's sharp eyes surveyed the room. He saw a wine bottle and two glasses. Also, pillows set on the floor as if two people had been sitting on them talking. His thoughts went to the profile he had worked up of the suspect. What would Stan Rifkin do if he was cornered? He would probably be more inclined to kill himself than try to hurt others. But a prey who was thinking suicidal thoughts at a time like this could be dangerous to his pursuers, even unintentionally. The best tactic, Brown decided, was to *talk* Rifkin out of hiding. Give him plenty of reason to come out and live and not scare him into a sudden self-destructive action.

"Stan, this is the FBI," Brown said, moving cautiously down the hallway after determining that no one was in the kitchen. "If you're in here, Stan, I want you to know how worried your mother is about you." ■

(Last of a two-part series)

Steve Bellamy, onetime cocaine courier, bites the hands that fed him

Born and raised in Brooklyn, Steve Bellamy was a self-styled street kid. He entered the Army in 1960, rose to the rank of sergeant, attended hairdressing school, worked as a waiter on Manhattan's East Side, then dropped out—and embarked on an odyssey that would take him halfway around the world. His travels included a stint with the Swiss chapter of Hell's Angels, a sojourn in Afghanistan's notorious "black hole" jail in Kabul, armed clashes with Turks and Iranians, and a lifestyle that found him living on a beach in Goa, India, in a cave in Crete, and as a member of a hippie acting troupe in Spain.

Returning to America, Bellamy embarked on a cross-country motorcycle trip that went from New York to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, ending up in Carmel, California, some 4,000 miles later. In 1977 he arrived in Los Angeles in a '68 Rambler Rebel, with only a mattress strapped to the roof. There Bellamy met and went into business with some old friends who were profitably engaged in cocaine trafficking. In 1979, he was busted for possession of 26 pounds of cocaine. Unable to make bail, which was initially set at $2 million and later reduced to $500,000 cash, he spent the next three years in prison. At Lompoc prison camp, he was busted again for possession of 55 grams of marijuana, spent 60 days in the hole, and was returned to Terminal Island, after a stop over at L.A. County Jail.

Since his release in 1982, Bellamy has written short stories and a screenplay, and worked as both a travel agent and a salesman for a bartending school. He is 42 years old, has had three wives and two children, and is currently tending bar in a Santa Monica disco. He also appears in an award-winning documentary, "Cocaine Blues," which will be seen on television later this year.

In this interview with The Rebel*—conducted by Malcolm Barbour, writer-producer of that film—Bellamy provides a unique perspective on the mystery, myth and reality of cocaine, a so-called "pleasure drug" that has increased in usage by more than 50 percent over the last five years, and now exceeds coffee as Colombia's number-one export.*

THE REBEL: Is it true you got caught with 26 pounds of cocaine?

BELLAMY: They said it was "the biggest bust in L.A. history," but you know the feds. Did you ever hear them announce the *smallest* bust in history?

THE REBEL: Did you deny the cocaine was yours?

BELLAMY: I was just a delivery boy, like when you call the market and say send up 16 pomegranates, a banana and an orange—only I got paid a little better. As exotic as people like to get about the cocaine business, it's still a business just like any other business. The only difference is that in straight business no one minds having meetings, and in the illegal business *no one* wants to meet. If we're in business together, I definitely don't want you to know my name; I don't even want you to see my face. You don't want to know anyone you don't have to know, because one day that someone could sit in a courtroom and point you out.

THE REBEL: Apart from that fundamental difference, is the basic structure of the drug trade the same as that of a legitimate business?

BELLAMY: In every business, you have to have the product. You have to transport that product to a place where it's worth more money. Then you have to distribute it. In the drug business, that last phase of the operation is where the aggravation comes in.

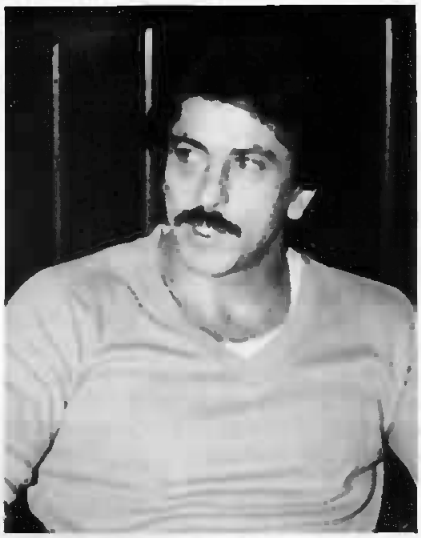
THE REBEL: How so?

BELLAMY: Because everybody is carrying guns. And there are people trying to arrest you. No one shoots it out but loonies and Latins, of course; they don't give a shit. But if someone finds out you have a pound of coke in your home, you're likely to get some ill-mannered house guests.

THE REBEL: How did you get caught?

BELLAMY: If you want to make money, you've got to *touch* it at some point. And if you've got to touch it, you've got to get right in and do it yourself. The more you trust others to do, the more things can fuck up. Unfortunately, they can also fuck up if you do it *yourself.* In my case, the guy I was delivering for had been set up by narcs. Everybody he dealt with was a narc. He checked into a hotel, and they were all narcs—even the bellboys. All I was supposed to do was drop off a suitcase. We pulled in and a police helicopter landed in the street, which was cut off by the narcs, and that was it. And that's the only time coke is totally illegal—when you get busted.

THE REBEL: Did you use it as well as deal it?



PHOTOS BY S. JURCAN

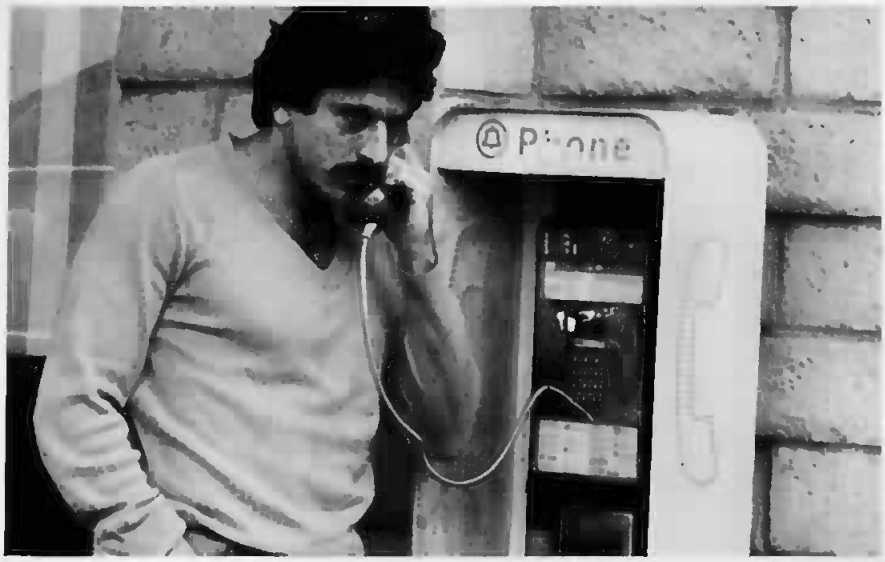
"It was the biggest bust in L.A. history"

BELLAMY: I was never a cocaine person. I've turned it down all my life, even in the hippie days when my best friends were blacks, and they'd say, "Lord, ain't you gonna snort the white lady?" And I'd say No, and that would just blow them away. I thought coke was the most overrated drug I ever experienced. I'll tell you this about coke—they did a test where they took experienced coke users and said, "Hey man, try this and tell us which one is best," like the Pepsi experiment, only using your nose instead of your mouth. And nobody knew the difference. It's an illusion of an illusion.

THE REBEL: If it's an illusion, why does it seem to have so much power over those who use it?

BELLAMY: It has power because people believe in it, and give it that power. I was at a Beverly Hills party once. There were five Academy Award winners there, and all the beautiful people. You couldn't get into this party just by having a name, or by having bread. But if you had a bottle of that white powder, you were more than welcome. I was there with someone who brought a large amount of coke, and being around toot and not being caught up in it is like going into a bar with all these boozers, and drinking Perrier. You'll see a different bar than you'd see if you were drinking the same as the others. And your vibration not drinking will be different to the people who *are* drinking. You'll stand out.

Now when this guy broke out this coke in this letter dressing room, with these stage lights around the mirrors, it was unreal. These people were like ghouls, oohing and aahing. It reminded me of *A Tale of Two Cities* where the cask of wine fell in the street, and all the poor people poured out of their houses, soaking up the wine with anything they could grab. It reminded me of these people, who a moment before had been dearing and darling each other to death. Their glee was amazing. And these were movie stars, people with power—



"Coke has a powerful effect: it turns people into scumbags"

but they had no connection for that kind of shit. They paid top dollar for garbage, and here was a cat with some righteous cocaine. These people were fit to be freaked.

THE REBEL: Is that typical of the way people act around cocaine?

BELLAMY: No, they usually act much *worse*. It's not a pretty scene. It's a player's scene, a transitory scene, a dishrag scene. When people have a choice to make between people and coke, they choose *coke*. It's not like smoking weed with people, sitting down and getting high. Marijuana and hash are warm drugs. Hippies light candles and huddle in dark rooms, mellowed out with music. But most of the people who do weed don't do coke. Coke is very detached, cold and cruel. The perfect drug for our time: Everything a short quick rush, long-term values gone.

THE REBEL: What about the physiological effects of the drug?

BELLAMY: Like I said, it never did anything for me, but it sure has a powerful effect on those who take it: It turns them into scumbags. It jacks them up, then spins their wheels. It's like having a Porsche or Ferrari. I used to know guys who could do 95 in *first*, and they'd say, "Hey man, don't you wanna get a Ferrari?" And I'd say, "Why jack myself up with all that power, and have no place to go?" Same thing with coke.

THE REBEL: Why do they call coke a woman's drug?

BELLAMY: It's sinful. Like shooting fish in a barrel. Guys know that women love cocaine, and the women who love it will do *anything* to get it. I could go to Newport Beach and walk up to every foxy broad and say, "Hey baby, let's do a toot!" And by the time I'd get to Venice, I'd be the Pied Piper of Southern California. But I always felt coke whores were kind of demeaning, like paying for your pussy. When I grew up, a chick would hang on your arm and feel your muscle. Now a guy's muscle is in a vial, and the *toot's* going to get her. Not him. And that's why a lot of guys have it around. Then it becomes the chicken or the egg principle again. Does it have that power, or are you giving it that power?

I've been around drugs a really long time, and I've always been of the opinion that you can make people think *anything* is hip. In Afghanistan I used a green snuff you put behind your gums—a stuff called *nass-wa*—that would burn your mouth. It made your mouth water, and you'd spit all the time. It was such a gross habit that I *knew* it would be a big hit if I could ever get it to New York. Plus it came in these pretty mirrored tins with little spittoons. If you can get it into Studio 54, and one schmuck does it, you've *got* 'em.

THE REBEL: What started cocaine's reputation for being chic?

BELLAMY: Coke had an underground reputation like acid, and whoever heard of acid until *Life* did an article on it? The second that story came out, everybody wanted to try acid. That's the way things are. The better you advertise something, the better it sells. Even if that advertising's negative, you keep repeating it over and over, like a preacher coming on TV and screaming "Don't see *Deep Throat*! *Deep Throat* is evil! *Deep Throat* is carnal! *Deep Throat* is sin!" Everybody's going to go see it.

THE REBEL: Would more people do coke if it was less expensive?

BELLAMY: *Nobody* would do it. At least the people who are doing it now would stop. It would be too unhip. The mystique of cocaine is that it costs so much. It's kind of like these new *haute cuisine* restaurants, here you get half the usual portions at twice the price. A wealthy person never walks away from the table full. If you want to clear this whole thing up, make it legal, and at a price that the cocaine dealer can't afford to meet, that the grass dealer couldn't touch, that the heroin man couldn't make—and coke will be finished as a phenomenon. Who's going to smuggle something you can buy, and that's better than what you can smuggle? Do you see any freighters full of booze coming down from Canada anymore?

THE REBEL: Would it be a deterrent to the sale of cocaine if people were better educated about its harmful effects?

BELLAMY: People who use it, like it—and you can tell them anything you want, they're still going to like it. I was in Turkey where they lock you up for five years for a joint, and guys are smoking hash in the streets. In this country, guys snort coke in the federal prisons. They have to let a certain amount in there, because there'd be wars if they took it out. So they tighten up at times, and loosen up at times. Why? Half the hacks who work there smoke grass. It's absurd. Who are we placating? The Moral Majority, the religious leaders, the good people. But no matter what they say, it happens. It exists.

THE REBEL: Is that your justification for getting involved with it?

BELLAMY: It was a real fast train that I hooked my caboose to, but it seemed divinely ordained. I always felt I was waging my own personal war on poverty. I needed money, and along came Jones. Al Capone said it 50 years ago: People wanted things, and I gave it to them. Simple as that. And if I hadn't, someone else would.

THE REBEL: Aren't you sorry for what you did?

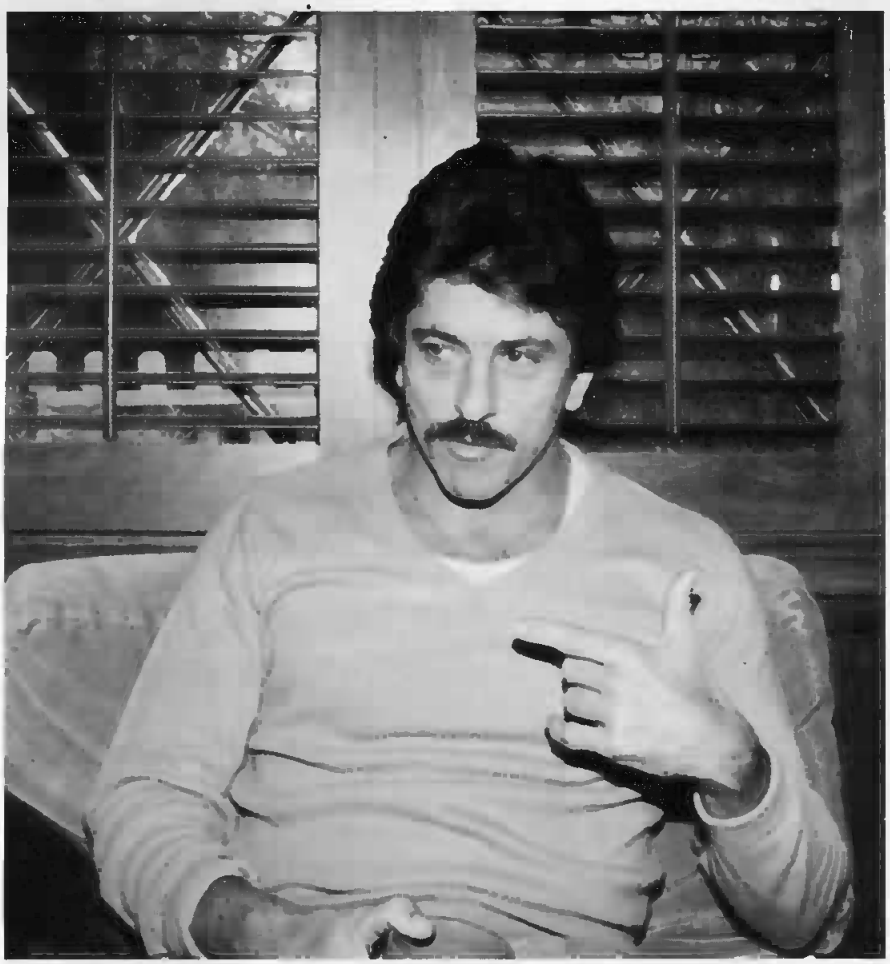
BELLAMY: I was definitely sorry—for 36 months and 10 days of a seven-year prison sentence. And I only got the shoeshine boy's share of the money, but in that business the shoeshine boy makes a lot of money. That's the American dream, isn't it? To make a big score. Buy low, sell high. That's the basic American business principle.

THE REBEL: Doesn't the question of morality enter into it anywhere?

BELLAMY: If there's a market to be made, you do it. I didn't start the cocaine traffic, and I certainly didn't end it. People want that drug, and they're going to get it, because they're willing to pay for it. If a cop wanted to make a bust, all he'd have to do is wait outside the parking lot of any bar in the Marina, and give everyone a breathalyzer test. *Everybody* would fail. Would the bartender inside be considered immoral? We could consider him an accessory to murder? Is the waitress an accessory to the bartender? Is the owner guilty, too? That's basically where it starts out with cocaine, where everybody touching it is guilty of some horrible crime. Liquor kills millions of people every year, but it's not illegal. It *was* illegal, and then it wasn't. That's how morality works. Thursday it's immoral, Friday it isn't.

THE REBEL: Do you think cocaine should be legalized like alcohol?

BELLAMY: All I know is that they're making it more dangerous for the users and more profitable for the sellers by keeping it illegal. If you're a coke dealer making $100 million, would *you* want to make it legal? During Prohibition, people who never went into a bar went into speakeasies. Why? It was more attractive to them because it was illegal. What would happen if vegetarians took power and said, from now on nobody can eat meat? What would happen is *meateasies* would open up. If you made something inaccessible by making it illegal, I could understand it. But they're just making coke more profitable. To the DEA as well as to the dealers. Aside from the money its agents make in payoffs, the DEA doesn't *want* the drug traffic to stop. If there weren't any drugs, there wouldn't *be* any DEA.



"I was definitely sorry—for 36 months and 10 days of a seven-year prison sentence"

Even the lawyers who plead drug cases in court are corrupted by it, one way or another. When I went to trial, my own lawyer showed up in court stoned out of his face, and he tells me, "Hey, I snorted coke with that U.S. attorney across the aisle." I told him I didn't want to hear that shit from him. I know it's true, but who's the fucking *monster* here?

THE REBEL: Tell us.

BELLAMY: I know it sounds like a cliché, coming from me, but it's *all of us*—housewives, lawyers, doctors, dentists, businessmen—the whole hypocritical society. Look at John DeLorean, who'll still go to his Beverly Hills cocktail parties where the coke will be served in little silver trays. And those guys who busted him, you think they give any more of a shit than he does about cocaine trafficking? All they care about is their careers—about their body count that week. Nobody stays in prosecution forever. They go into private practice and *defend* coke dealers, then use their connections in the Justice Department to make deals for their clients. The government should make a new constitutional amendment: "Thou Shalt Not Scam. Only *We* Shall."

THE REBEL: You've been out of prison now for two years. Have you learned anything from the experience?

BELLAMY: I've learned that all the sinners may not be saints, but all the saints are definitely sinners. The day I left the joint, the chief case worker for the whole place told me, "Man, you'll be back. You'll be back because you like life in the fast lane." And I said, "I had life in the fast lane for 10 years before I had anything to do with cocaine." And he said, "Well, you like the easy money." And I said, "If you call this easy money, you must be nuts. But if I do come back, I know *you'll* be here." And I was more prophetic than I thought, because after I left he was indicted for accepting hundreds of thousands of dollars in bribes.

But that's nothing. Two of the DEA agents who were responsible for my arrest—and were so outraged with my crime—are both under indictment for accepting bribes and being corrupt. And a couple of others were transferred in disgrace to pencil-pushing jobs. The chief case coordinator for Terminal Island got three years in prison for taking bribes and selling influence. My dorm officer got 15 years for dealing dope and helping prisoners escape, and both my counsellors were dismissed for having sexual relations with inmates. That's society for you. There's your morality. I'm on parole, but the beat goes on. ■

The Roy Radin Mystery

A 33-year-old promoter made a short-lived run for the big time.

By Chris Martin and Don Ray

Roy Radin came to Hollywood one spring day last year with a dream of producing hit motion pictures. Within about 12 hours he was dead—murdered. Someone escorted the self-made millionaire New York promoter to the rugged mountains north of Los Angeles, put a shotgun to his head, pulled the trigger, and left him to rot in his three-piece suit, Italian loafers, and Pierre Cardin tie.

Whoever it was Roy Radin was dealing with took his business seriously.

Now, more than eight months later, the Roy Radin murder is still unsolved. Investigators aren't even hinting that they have a good suspect. And there seems to be no truth to rumors buzzing through the film industry and the illicit drug network that a grand jury is about to name a suspect in a murder indictment.

When Radin came to town he wasn't without impressive credentials—at least in his own assessment. He had made his millions before he was 30 by managing, promoting, booking, and traveling with a modern-day vaudeville show. In fact, as the son of Broadway Al Radin, who was himself a producer and speakeasy owner back in the late '20s, the younger Radin had followed in his father's footsteps. Roy Radin put an act together when he was 17 and took it on the road—featuring at least one veteran of the boards, George Jessel.

"I had J. Fred Muggs, the chimpanzee from the *Today* show, a midget saxophone player, a drag queen magician, and Jessel," Radin later told a *New York Times* reporter. "It wasn't one of my most notable shows, but Jessel taught me a lot. He went on the tour as a gamble. He knew I was only 17 and didn't have any money."

His 14 years of vaudeville tours peaked in the late 1970s at a time when his show typically included the likes of The Ink Spots, Johnnie Ray, Milton Berle, Donald O'Connor, Godfrey Cambridge, Eddie Fisher, and Red Buttons. His shows were reportedly netting $50,000 per week. Most of the performances were billed as fundraisers for some 150 police benevolent associations, with which Radin would split the take. One New York attorney general questioned the way the money was divvied up. He charged that Radin raised $684,443 in performances for three Long Island PBAs over the two years prior to 1975. The PBAs allegedly received only 27 percent of the money.

It may have been his close association with the police that led one of the servants in Radin's Southampton, Long Island mansion to tell a reporter, "He just about owns the Southampton police. He uses them as a private security force."

AP/WIDE WORLD

Roy Radin was said to have an insatiable appetite for refined cocaine and unrefined women

Indeed, Roy Radin had himself a mini-empire—replete with servants, classic cars, and even a private plane. And with all the other signs of wealth came the predictable entourage of leeches and hangers-on. His estate soon became the talk of the Southampton elite, and the activities behind the big gates were nothing short of legendary.

The 300-pounder was said to have had an insatiable appetite for refined cocaine and unrefined women. Without discretion he appeased himself by taking in as much of the fast-lane life as he could buy. In April 1980 the lifestyle caught up with Roy Radin.

It happened during a party at the mansion on Meadow Lane. Robert McKeage IV, a businessman friend of Radin's, had invited Melonie Haller, a young actress, to spend the weekend with him at Radin's place. Any reluctance she may have had was outweighed by McKeage's suggestion that his friend Radin might help her get her first good role since she played the first female sweathog on TV's *Welcome Back Kotter*. She was a good enough professional to know that she had to go where the action was if she were to survive. She was also smart enough to recognize it when things got out of hand at Radin's weekend party. Apparently there was some "sexual rough stuff" which went too far in Haller's opinion, and she smashed some video equipment when she realized it had been trained on her. She told police that she was then beaten and raped by two women and two men.

As the story goes, someone telephoned Haller's mother to tell her that her daughter was "incoherent." Her mother asked that she be put into a limousine and driven back to her Manhattan home. Instead, the 23-year-old actress was apparently driven in a car to the Southampton station and dumped on a train. A conductor found her and called the police.

By the time the investigation was completed, four people who had been present

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Information for this story was gathered by Chris Martin, Editor of* Scene Magazine, *and by contributing editors Don Ray and Victor Cook.

AP/WIDE WORLD

Melonie Haller

UPI

Roy Radin and his wife Toni were both accused by Melonie Haller of taking part in her rape

that night were charged with assault. Radin was additionally charged with possession of LSD and cocaine, with illegal possession of a handgun, and with menacing Haller. Radin later pleaded guilty to the weapons charge and was placed on three years' probation. McKeage served 30 days in jail after pleading guilty to assaulting the actress. All other charges were dropped.

The Haller incident seemed to be a turning point of sorts for Radin, not so much in his behavior as in his aspirations. It was about that time, his former associates say, that Radin became determined to break into films or the Broadway stage. Insiders say he neglected his vaudeville shows while he tried in vain to make TV and movie deals. By early 1983 he had sold his mansion. His reason: to be closer to the New York show-business scene. Some say that the truth is he needed the money.

The cash-flow problems, the drugs, the aspirations, and probably a certain amount of desperation were, no doubt, all factors that led to Radin's decision to come to Hollywood. And it's safe to say that at least some of those factors played a part in his death.

It's still not clear exactly what Roy Radin hoped to accomplish during his trip to Los Angeles. Those close to him say he was trying to work out a deal of some kind with producer Robert Evans, who was responsible for the successes of *The Godfather*, *Chinatown*, *Love Story*, and other motion pictures. Some accounts describe an attempt to revive a deal with Evans that would have involved building a major studio in Puerto Rico. Allegedly, Radin had even gone to Florida in an attempt to raise some of the $35 million or so he needed to invest in the deal. Radin apparently wanted to get out of the deal for fear that much of the money raised would come from the South Florida drug traffic. Evans' associates, however, have said that it was Evans who canceled the deal—not Radin.

Other sources say Radin had signed a letter of intent with Evans to co-produce the motion picture *The Cotton Club*. Reportedly, Evans and Radin would split 90 percent down the middle, while the remaining 10 percent would go to someone representing Puerto Rican interests. *The Cotton Club* film depicts the famous speakeasy of the '20s and '30s.

The Rebel has learned that Radin met Evans through a woman who calls herself Elaine Jacobs, Elaine Bellechese, Karen Bellechese, Karen Goodman, and various other combinations of the above. And it was Elaine Jacobs who was apparently with Radin the night he died.

On Friday, May 13, Radin checked into the Regency Hotel in Hollywood and made plans to have dinner with Elaine Jacobs. An observer said she was asking for a piece of the *Cotton Club* pie in return for putting Radin in touch with Evans. No one knows exactly what Roy Radin did on the final evening of his life. But he talked to a host of people during his last few hours, and some of them recounted what they remembered to police, private investigators, newspaper reporters, and directly to *The Rebel*. This is the last we know of Roy Radin's life:

Radin's personal secretary, Jonathan Lawson, says Radin's girlfriend, Anna Montenegro, dropped in to visit him at the hotel suite early that evening. Lawson told police that Anna repeatedly warned Radin not to go to dinner—not to trust anyone that night. He says Radin told her to mind her own business. "Those punks don't scare me," he said.

Radin's New York press agent, Richard Gersh, says he spoke to his client a few hours before Radin was to go to dinner. Gersh says he detected nothing unusual in Radin's voice. It was business as usual.

It is also known that Radin started calling restaurants in the area—not for the menu, but to learn about their security. He finally made reservations at the posh La Scala Restaurant.

The most telling call he made was to his mother, Renee Radin Dorr, in New York at about 6 p.m. Los Angeles time. A family member told *The Rebel* Radin's mother heard the tension in her son's voice instantly.

"What's the matter, baby?" she asked him. Roy sounded scared and upset. The family source says Radin told his mother that no matter what happened to him, he still loved all of them—in case he died in a plane crash, he added. He also said goodbye to his ex-wife, Toni Fillet, whom he had recently divorced. Then he said, "I have to go. The limousine is here."

Television actor Demond Wilson, who appeared for years in *Sanford and Son*

and more recently in *The New Odd Couple*, told police he also got a call from Radin. Radin was Wilson's agent and trusted friend. Wilson told police Radin's call was a plea for protection. He says he agreed to follow Radin to the restaurant, but he has never been able to say exactly who he was asked to protect Radin from.

Radin apparently went down to the lobby of the Regency just after 7 p.m. He was seen entering a limousine with Elaine Jacobs.

Demond Wilson told police he watched Radin get into the limousine and started to follow it as it pulled away. He says the limousine quickly ran a red light and that he was unable to catch up with it in traffic.

The story gets a bit foggy from this point on. Elaine Jacobs was certainly the last person to admit seeing Radin alive. She would first tell detectives from the missing persons division of the Los Angeles Police Department that her meeting with Radin was to have been a simple dinner engagement and that the two of them quarreled along the way. Radin, she was to claim, threw her out of the limousine.

But later she would change her story and tell police that Radin asked to be let out of the limo and that she returned home in the same limousine.

What happened after that is not known. Four days after Radin failed to show up at La Scala, his private secretary filed a missing persons report.

The Radin family soon offered a $1 million reward for the safe return of their son and hired self-proclaimed "No. 1 Hollywood Private Eye" John O'Grady to look into the case.

And Elaine Jacobs vanished.

On June 9, 1983—nearly a month after Radin disappeared—his decayed, nearly skeletal body was discovered in a dry creek bed near the mountainous highway that heads north from Los Angeles toward Sacramento. The only clues to the murder were the shotgun pellets that were still embedded in what was left of his brain.

Police believe that Elaine Jacobs could add up the pieces which could allow them to solve this puzzle. They've learned enough about her to realize she may be involved in much more than the Radin case.

Just before she disappeared, Elaine Jacobs put her Sherman Oaks house up for sale. In late May, part-time caretakers of the property reported a possible burglary. A safe in the house had been cracked. All police found was a set of priceless porcelain dolls that had been disfigured—beheaded. Police, at one time, speculated that Jacobs may have traveled to Bogota, Colombia with Milano Bellechese, a reputed drug overlord with whom she allegedly had a child. It is believed that Bellechese's headquarters are located in Miami Beach.

It has been reported that investigators were at one time looking into the possibility that a Los Angeles drug dealer had accused Radin of stealing 11 grams of cocaine and $250,000 in cash. One police theory was that drug dealers stole the cocaine and the money and blamed Radin to cover themselves.

Investigators for *The Rebel* have gone to great lengths to contact Elaine Jacobs. Her Miami Beach attorney, Frank Rubino, told *The Rebel*, "There is absolutely no involvement between Elaine Jacobs and Roy Radin on the night he disappeared. She has no reason to submit herself for questioning." This comes in spite of eyewitness reports—and even her own accounts—that indicate she was, indeed, with Radin that night.

Michael Pascal runs a Los Angeles–based protection and security service hired by Jacobs' attorney. He says he accepted an assignment to protect Elaine Jacobs between the time Radin disappeared and was found dead. Pascal says he was overseas when Radin turned up missing and got the assignment to protect Jacobs when he had returned to New York City. Nevertheless, Pascal believes that homicide detectives and/or private investigators consider him a murder suspect. He says they've been showing his picture around to people who might be witnesses.

"You can tell the police and private investigators," he told *The Rebel*, "to stop beating around the bush and come right to the source. I'll talk to them—any time, any place." He claims the police have made no direct contact with him.

Pascal also said he and the attorney would help the police get in touch with Elaine Jacobs: "All they have to do is present a formal request to her attorney and we'll present the witness."

The Rebel made numerous attempts to contact Demond Wilson. Telephone calls went unreturned. Certified mail was ignored. Producers say they haven't heard from him in months. Employees of the talent agency that once represented Wilson say he left their service months ago and that they were very sure they "couldn't talk about Demond."

Robert Evans was allegedly out-of-state when Radin disappeared, but he's been unavailable to talk with *The Rebel* about his dealings with Radin.

Spokesmen for Evans' production company in New York say he has just completed shooting *The Cotton Club*. It's due to be released in about a year. Evans has told reporters that his personal fortune, and probably his career, are riding on the film. He says he's taken out a $3 million loan against his Beverly Hills house to guarantee the movie's payroll.

He apparently also got some financing help from Ed and Fred Doumani, brothers and Las Vegas casino entrepreneurs who are currently under close scrutiny by gaming authorities in Nevada and New Jersey.

Radin's family is convinced that they know who committed the murder and why, although they haven't been able to provide enough solid information to the Los Angeles County Sheriff's detectives to effect an arrest or indictment.

They say they'll keep investigating, but there are some close to the case who feel that the mystery will never be solved.

Even if the killer or killers are never brought to justice, there's a lesson in all this for young men and women with their eye on making it big in Los Angeles. If you're bent on playing in the big leagues—be ready to play hardball. ■

Faces

Ex-Somoza boxer battles Bianca Jagger?

The 1979 Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua was bad news for boxing champion Alexis Arguello, a supporter of the toppled dictator Anastasio Somoza. He was forced to flee the impoverished country leaving behind his bank account and his extensive holdings. As final insult, his luxurious home was converted into the Soviet embassy.

After failing to win his fourth title, Arguello recently retired from boxing and announced that he was returning to his homeland to join rightist rebels fighting the government. So sports fans and jet-set gossip buffs alike, are settling back to enjoy what promises to be the heavyweight publicity battle of the year! In the red/black swastika tights, three-times world champion Arguello! Versus! In the pink-silk designer combat-fatigues—Sandanista-supporter Bianca Jagger!

UPI

Bianca Jagger

UPI

Alexis Arguello

Blood guilt keeps *Scarface* noses to the grindstone

That light hearted bunch who made the blood-soaked film *Scarface* have been washing out their guilt stains by claiming that it's a moral film. Why? It's anti-drug!

Scarface thus becomes eligible for the new Academy Award category "Best Atonement Film of the Year." And the moral makers of the picture can join such Hollywood luminaries as David Begelman with his killer PCP flick and Bob Evans' television spectacular *Get High On Yourself.*

The Rebel is offering a year's subscription to the reader who can come closest to guessing the number of gun-shots in this virtuous movie.

Cotton Club—Dancing to Orion's tune

Speaking of Bob Evans we hear that his film *Cotton Club* has been saved from extinction once again. The well known Las Vegas investors, Ed and Fred Doumani were getting a tad anxious about their money and wondered if this film would ever finish shooting, let alone get released. Bob, clever fellow that he is, realized these were not the kind of guys one wants pacing around one's office every day counting the pennies. So after much wheeling and dealing and relinquishing of profit participation, he convinced Orion Pictures to put another $15 million into the project. How high is the budget now? $50 million? Couldn't we have saved a few lives and just bought Grenada for that price?

AP-WIDE WORLD

Robert Evans

Michael Jackson—The devil made him do it!

Michael Jackson has won everyone's heart lately with his 20-million-copy *Thriller* album and his great dancing in the John Landis (Twilight Zone) video of the same name. Everyone is, that is, except the Jehovah's Witnesses. Up until now, Michael has been a member in good standing of that powerful religious group, but it seems that they are taking exception to his frolicking with the dead nightly on *MTV.* They call it devil worship. If Michael did sell his soul for platinum he came out ahead.

Karen Black in the red?

While we are talking about deals, was Karen Black's as good as Michael Jackson's? It certainly doesn't look that way. Joining the Scientologists has cost her a pretty penny. Karen, in spite of constant employment, is now living in a very modest pad in the Silverlake district of Los Angeles. We have been told that she had to sell her more luxurious home to pay them off.

"Hot Pants" Cleaver defects to the Korean CIA

In 1970, Eldridge Cleaver, at that time a political refugee from the Nixon Administration popped up in ultra-Communist North Korea with some bad news for our State Department. According to Cleaver, Kim Il Sung, the sultan-like dictator of that feudal country was the wisest leader of our times. In gratitude, Kim Il Sung became Godfather of Cleaver's baby boy who was born in Pyongyang.

In 1975, he surfaced in Paris to denounce socialism and to proclaim his conversion as a "born-again Christian." At the same time he formed a company to manufacture Cleaver Hot-pants—a new fashion which featured a flamboyant outer sheath which dangled outside the pelvis. Down to the knees!

By 1978 the indefatigible Cleaver, once the most violent of leftist revolutionaries, had come full circle. He joined the ultra-right religious cult led by Rev. Moon. At this moment Cleaver is hiding out in San Francisco protected by the Moonies and the Korean CIA. His former allies in the Black Panther movement are not amused.

Coast Guard brass abandons ship

Military strategists are wondering if the top brass of the Coast Guard will survive the recent scandal which has kept Washingtonians giggling over the holiday season.

On January 20, a mischievous prankster phoned the national headquarters of the U.S. Coast Guard in Washington warning that a bomb would explode in two minutes.

Commandant James S. Gracey received the news while lunching with other Admirals in the brass-only Flag Mess. With quick presence of mind, Adm. Gracey and his top-staff immediately fled the building in an unmarked van. The rest of the 2,400 personnel who toil in the building were not informed of the threat.

After a half-hour the gallant band of top-admirals returned to the building and resumed their gourmet meal. What the incident did was detonate explosive protests from the 2,400 souls who were left to go down with the ship. Coast Guard publicity people were kept busy denying that Commandant "Lord Jim" Gracey's behavior could be compared with the tragic hero of our Conrad's famous novel about cowardice in high places.

Staking out dad and the CIA

The Super-Star rock group Police has composed a rebellious parody of the CIA. It seems that Ian Copeland, the manager, and his brother, Stewart the drummer, during their childhood, innocently believed that their father, Miles Copeland, was in international business. It was only after leaving home that the lads discovered that dad was a top CIA agent.

After that head-bending revelation, it was natural that he would suggest the name ("Police") for the group he joined with Sting and Andy Summers.

Is it coincidental that their first smash hit developed a theme of delicious, scary, sexy espionage? "Every breath you take . . . every move you make . . . I'll be watching you."

We wonder if dad and the CIA are tuned in?

FBI team walks Jodie Foster—strikes out K.C. Stars

Baseball fans are murmuring about the unsportsmanlike conduct of the feds in decking three top stars of the Kansas City Royals. It seems the FBI, in one of their typical shady entrapment scams tapped phone calls in which Willie Aikens, Willie Wilson and Jerry Martin attempted to score small amounts of cocaine.

This heinous crime involved no evidence, no money, no dope, just words over a phone line. The judge threw the lads a hanging curve. Up to one year in the pen. Plus a year's suspension tossed up by Lame Duck Commissioner Bowie (Killer) Kuhn.

In the same week actress Jodie Foster, now a Yale preppie, was busted by the feds smuggling a gram of Peruvian nose-candy into the country. Her sentence? A $100 fine!

Sports columnists, the ultimate defenders of establishment hypocrisy, have unanimously denounced athletes nailed for recreational drugs. Doddering Old Jim Murray, of the *L.A. Times* attacks young athletes for "trifling with the dreams of dirty-faced kids."

The players themselves and sophisticated sports fans know the real reasons for the discrimination against black players: Kansas City is a town run by white-faced proles and baseball is a business which depends upon revenues derived from the most dangerous recreational drug of them all. Right Gus Busch? Michelob Lite for the winner, right Billy Martin?

Judy and John Belushi

AP WIDE WORLD

Watergate worm turns on Belushi's widow

In a well-meaning but misguided attempt to launder her late husband's reputation Judy Belushi chose Bob Woodward to write a book about the great comedian's life and times.

Who could fault her choice of biographer? After all Woodward holds a special place in our hearts for helping bring down the Nixon Administration. And who would have dreamed that Bob would seize this opportunity to write an expose on Belushi and friends that has many of top filmland stars ready to seek asylum in Brazil?

Well *Rebel* readers would. A recent issue revealed that Woodward's boss and mentor Ben Bradlee had done his share of work for the CIA. And it turns out that Bobby himself has a long history of accomplishment for military intelligence.

Discrediting counter-culture rebels like John Belushi is exactly what guys like this are paid to do. Sorry Judy.

Jerry Brown and Buddhist guru cavort with heiress

AP WIDE WORLD

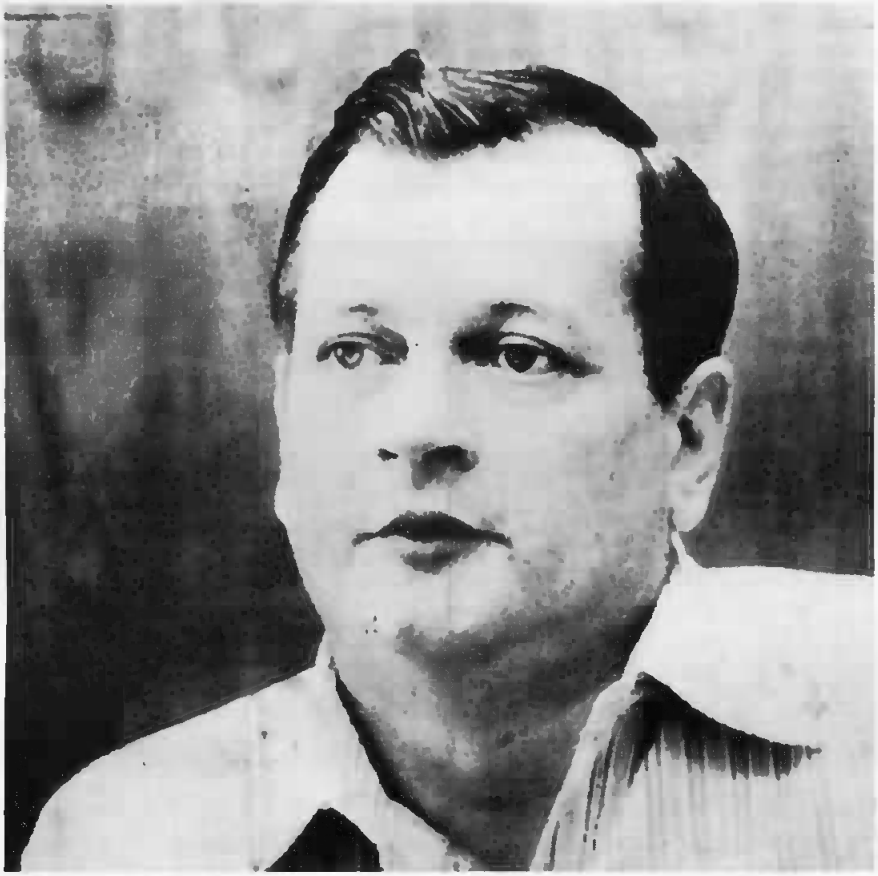
Jerry Brown

Even swinging San Francisco was shocked by recent scandals involving two of Northern California's top culture heroes.

Roshi Baker, the revered master of Tassajara, the world-renowned Buddhist center, was fired by his disillusioned followers after revelations about his financial and sexual exploitation of devotees. Among the beneficiaries of the lustful Holy Man's attentions was the beautiful wife of the heir to one of America's top oil fortunes.

So far, so bad. But the spiritual scandal really attained cosmic proportions when it was revealed that ex-Gov. Jerry Brown, a loyal member of Roshi Baker's flock, had also indulged in deep meditation with the same gorgeous, dark-eyed disciple!

After the smoke settled most San Franciscans reacted with an approving giggle. The delectable high-level cavorting harmed nothing except some followers' blind devotion. And it sure sounds like more fun than the mean Moral Majority. ■



NYT Pictures

Joseph Alfred Burton

Undercover

Joe Burton was an *agent provocateur* for the FBI posing as a radical activist

By Ken Lawrence

Early one morning in January 1974 my telephone rang in Tougaloo, Mississippi. The caller identified himself as Joe Burton, a "movement activist" from Tampa, Florida, and friend of my colleague, Carl Braden of Louisville, Kentucky. Burton had learned that I was on the staff of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), covering civil rights, labor, and other popular struggles for the SCEF newspaper, the *Southern Patriot*. He wanted to know if I would publish articles on his activities organizing for the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFL-CIO); the Tampa chapter of Vietnam Veterans Against the War; Unity House, the Center for Progressive Peoples of Tampa; and Red Star Cadre (Marxist-Leninist). He also asked to be mailed large bundles of our paper every month for free mass distribution.

I told Burton to mail me information on his activities, and I'd see what I could do. A few days later a thick envelope arrived in the mail from him, containing four news releases about Burton's labor, anti-war, and Marxist activities, together with photocopies of articles from the *Tampa Neighbor*, the *Tampa Times*, and the *Tampa Tribune* about his Marxist campaign for city council. In the cover letter he reminded me to send him bundles of the *Patriot*, and closed the letter, "In bonds of proletarian friendship, Joe Burton."

Normally I'd have been eager to publish information of the kind Burton sent, and even happier to get a new large-scale distributor for the paper, but in this case I just filed away the letter and enclosures for future reference, and I never added Burton's name to the list of *Patriot* bundle recipients. . . . I had other information about Joseph Alfred Burton that would have made interesting reading, but I couldn't publish what I knew because I lacked documentary proof.

Joe Burton was an *agent provocateur*.

At least I was able to recognize his call and his letter as another in a long line of FBI attempts to disrupt my activities, so I was able to avoid taking the bait that was offered, but many others were not so fortunate. The significant fact, for the purpose of retelling this story, is the date—1974. It's important to remember because the FBI no longer tries to deny the existence of its counterintelligence programs (cryptonym COINTELPRO) against communists, black and Puerto Rican leaders, anti-war organizers, and others, but says all these operations to "disrupt, discredit, misdirect, and neutralize" the lawful and constitutionally protected activities of its targets were ended in April of 1971.

How did I know Burton was a police agent? Actually, he wasn't too difficult to spot, for those who knew what to look for. I had been in Tampa six months before I received the call from Burton. I was there to interview members of the United Electrical union to write a story about their efforts to organize the giant Westinghouse plant. During the course of the interviews, the workers told me to watch out for a guy named Joe Burton, whom they didn't trust. UE organizer Don Bollen explained that during the organizing drive Westinghouse had found ways to harass nearly every identified union sympathizer. Every one except for Burton, that is, who openly and defiantly handed out shrill and inflammatory "communist" literature during working hours while employed by Westinghouse.

Eventually Burton left the FBI, and publicly declared his activities as a Bureau spy and provocateur; ever since then, his former employers have denied his allegations (carefully reminding reporters that COINTELPRO ended in 1971, and that Burton did not go to work for them until 1972), and have attempted to discredit him. The harder they tried, the more Burton exposed their activities, but reporters were always left wondering who to trust—Burton's story, or the FBI's denial? It was a dilemma, since the FBI would often say that Burton might indeed have been doing what he said; if so, it was without the knowledge or approval of the agent supervising him. Burton, said the FBI, was not an employee, merely an informer paid to gather information, and nothing else.

Moreover, said the FBI, Burton discredited himself with a flurry of contradictory statements. How could reporters believe a man who said one thing one week, another the next, and a third the week after? Faced with this, the press eventually fell silent without resolving the matter. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence chaired by then-Sen. Frank Church took testimony from Burton, but failed to publish his sworn disclosures in its published report. Yet, as columnist Jack Anderson reported at the time, Burton's testimony covered the most explosive areas of all—FBI assassination plots.

According to Burton, the FBI wanted him to kill a young left-wing activist named Richard Arvedon. In another episode, Burton said, Special Agent Robert Heibel had urged him to refer someone to Alan Dale Smith, a "known hit man," to get a drug dealer killed on contract.

Besides assassination plots, Burton re-

vealed how the FBI had instructed him to set up his own fake Marxist-Leninist organization, Red Star Cadre, and to use this group to develop his credibility with various revolutionaries. His assignments ranged from infiltrating UE in an attempt to identify UE with his brand of communism so that another union, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, would win the bargaining election at Westinghouse, to preventing the merger of two pro-Chinese organizations in the country, the Revolutionary Union and the October League, by sowing dissension and distrust between the leaders of the two groups.

The FBI sent Burton to Canada to infiltrate the upper echelons of the Communist Party of Canada (Marxist-Leninist). They considered his work extremely valuable, and used similar techniques elsewhere. Other "communist" organizations under FBI control, according to Burton, were the Red Collective in New Orleans, Red Banner and Red Sun on the West Coast, and Morning Sun in Nova Scotia, Canada. In addition to sending him to do undercover work in Canada, which Burton believes was illegal, the FBI sent the Red Collective's Jill Schafer to China.

The FBI also sought to take over existing left-wing organizations. Burton told me that the Bureau's "dream" was to get him into the job of southern regional director of the Revolutionary Union, and then to use that position to infiltrate the intelligence service of the People's Republic of China through the Chinese Embassy in Mexico.

I followed Burton's disclosures closely, from the time they broke into the national news in February 1975. I was convinced that Burton was telling the truth, remembering what the workers in Tampa had told me a year and a half earlier, and the letter I had received from him that was still in my files. But of course I had no documentary proof the FBI had instructed Burton to target me and the *Patriot*, or even that they knew he had sent me the materials.

A few months later I filed a request with the FBI under the Freedom of Information Act, asking for all files the Bureau has kept on me, both in its Washington headquarters and in its various field offices. At first there was a long delay, but eventually the files started coming.

It was fascinating stuff. My file showed the FBI had begun its surveillance of me in 1959 or 1960, when I was still a teenager in school, because someone reported that I was reading a socialist newspaper. They noted my activities at various civil rights' and peace groups' meetings and demonstrations, and that for a short time I worked for a book dealer who imported publications from the Soviet Union. One document named my own father as one of those furnishing information on my political activities. Some pages contain scurrilous, voyeuristic comments on my personal life. After I moved to Mississippi to work for SCEF, the FBI placed me on the list of people to be put in a concentration camp in the event of a national emergency.

AP Wide World

Former FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover initiated counterintelligence programs

Eventually I hit the jackpot. When I finally received a portion of the FBI's Jackson field office file on me, it contained a memorandum dated Feb. 20, 1974 captioned "Copy of news release to SCEF by Red Star Cadre (M/L) and Vietnam Veterans Against the War, Tampa, Fla." Attached were photocopies of carbons of the letter and news items Burton had sent me, matching the original that was still in my file.

By this time my interest in the subject was professional as well as personal, because I was director of the Mississippi Surveillance Project—set up to monitor police spying activities. I telephoned Burton in Tampa and told him of my discovery, which would tend to verify his claim that he had acted with the knowledge and under the instruction of the FBI. He was glad to get copies of the documents, and agreed to answer my questions, first over the telephone, and later in a face-to-face interview in Tampa.

In our conversations Burton confirmed that the request for large quantities of free literature was intended as a disruption, to place stress on the meager resources of the organizations that published them. Almost all the copies would go directly into the trash. Burton said he had known of SCEF for years, because he had lived for quite a while in Louisville, where we had our headquarters, but that he had never heard my name until the FBI instructed him to approach me. He was given the instruction, he said, by an FBI specialist in Marxist ideology from Chicago who flew to Tampa with a man from the intelligence division in Washington.

In addition to the meeting, which was in the Sheraton Hotel in Tampa, Burton was given a direct phone number for the agent in Chicago, whose job was to screen the text of each piece of Burton's Red Star Cadre propaganda, to make certain that its political line would appeal to the particular group he was trying to infiltrate, or sometimes to please several at once with an eclectic blend of Maoism Fidelismo. "He went over everything the Bureau put out." The Bureau had planned to have Burton put out a paper called the *Southern*

Socialist, which the propaganda specialist from Chicago would have edited, but he and Burton could never agree on its contents. The Bureau also paid for T-shirts with the Red Star emblem and the slogan "Red Star Means Fight Back," which Burton and his fellow agents wore to an October League conference in Atlanta.

Burton said the FBI's main purpose in having him send material to me was twofold: they were trying to obtain information on a factional situation that was developing (which eventually split SCEF three ways), and they planned to use the news items, if we published them, to enhance Burton's reputation as a leftist. They were constantly expanding the scope of Burton's operations, eventually sending him to infiltrate or disrupt organizations in Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, New York, New Jersey, the Carolinas, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, as well as Florida, Georgia, and Canada.

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There He Goes Again: Ronald Reagan's Reign of Error

By Mark Green and Gail MacColl

From young George Washington's apocryphal admission about chopping down a cherry tree to Jimmy Carter's political mantra in 1976 ("I will never lie to you"), the issue of presidential truth and consequences has long been with us. Since "example is leadership," to use Albert Schweitzer's phrase, Americans have expected—or at least hoped—that our leading citizen would be a truth teller.

Our 40th President, Ronald Reagan, appears sensitive to this expectation. "I've answered some questions with what I claimed were facts and figures. . . . But don't let me get away with it," he told a group of students in the White House on Feb. 25, 1983. "If you have any questions as to whether any of my statements were not based on fact, check me out."

So we did. Gathering a quarter-century of his remarks, we contrasted Reagan's assertions with authoritative sources. The process was factual, not ideological. That is, whether one is a conservative or liberal, loves or loathes him, it's important to know whether the President of the United States knows what he's talking about.

The resulting evidence irresistibly leads to one conclusion: No modern president has engaged in so consistent a pattern of misspeaking on such a wide range of subjects—and shown no sense of remorse. Prior presidents have committed their share of factual errors—and none of Reagan's approaches LBJ's deceptions about the war or Nixon's lies about Watergate. But in terms of sheer regularity and frequency, Ronald Reagan is the all-time champ. According to columnist James Reston, "I suppose more corrections have been put out of the White House on the public statements of Ronald Reagan than any other president I've known."

REAGAN & FOREIGN POLICY

What a difference a day makes

1/7/80:

"I just don't believe the farmer should be made to pay a special price for our diplomacy, and I'm opposed to [the Soviet grain embargo]." (Washington Post, 1/8/80)

1/8/80:

"If we are going to do such a thing to the Soviet Union as a full grain embargo, which I support, first we have to be sure our own allies would join us on this." (Claremont [NH] Eagle Times, 1/9/80)

"I said there was a flurry about land reform [in El Salvador]. I understand that that has turned around, that there are thousands of people who have been given deeds to their plots . . . ." (7/29/82)

As of January 1983, according to the administration's own figures, not even one thousand Salvadorans had been given final title to their land as a consequence of the government's land reform program.

"We have never interfered in the internal government of a country and have no intention of doing so, never have had any thought of that kind." (9/28/82)

"I remember a happier time when there was a tradition that the President of the U.S. never left our shores, but I don't say that you could do that today." (Time, 11/17/80)

"Well, I learned a lot . . . I went down [to Latin America] to find out from them and [learn] their views. You'd be surprised. They're all individual countries." (Washington Post, 12/6/82)

VIETNAM, A NOBLE CAUSE

"There were two Vietnams, north and south. They had been separate nations for centuries." (Radio, Jan. 1978)

When not artificially divided by the Chinese or French colonialists, Vietnam was politically united for much of its history.

"We should declare war on North Vietnam . . . We could pave the whole country and put parking strips on it, and still be home by Christmas." (Fresno Bee, 10/10/65)

REAGAN & THE USSR: FOCUS OF EVIL

"On balance, the Soviet Union does have a definite margin of superiority [in nuclear arms]." (3/31/82)

"I don't think there'd be much accomplishment in freezing the Soviet Union into a position of superiority over the rest of us." (6/1/82)

"The Soviet Union does have a decided edge on us [in nuclear forces]." (7/11/82)

"Unless we demonstrate the will to rebuild our strength and restore the military balance, the Soviets, since they are so far ahead, have little incentive to negotiate with us." (11/22/82)

Gen. David C. Jones, former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said that he would not swap the American defense establishment for the Soviet one. According to former Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, "our systems are both more sophisticated and reliable and more technologically sound" than the Soviets. And Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger reported to Congress that the U.S. arms buildup was intended to "prevent the Soviet Union from *acquiring* . . . superiority"—not keeping it.

"And so, in addition to their great military buildup, they [the Russians] have . . . practiced evacuation, when we finally began to learn the facts, we learned that in one summer alone, they took over 20 million young people out of the cities to the country to give them training in just living off the countryside." (Robert Scheer interview, Feb. 1980)

We? Nobody but Reagan seems to know about the Soviet evacuation of young people—the CIA says that there is no evidence the Russians have ever practiced evacuating their cities.

"Now, the Soviets have 945 warheads aimed at targets in Europe in their medium-ranged missiles. And we have no deterrent whatsoever. . . ." (10/14/82)

Hardly. The U.S. now has, on submarines in both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, 400 warheads targeted at the Soviet Union. Also on these subs are an additional 4,500 warheads not officially committed to NATO. Great Britain has 192 warheads targeted at the USSR; France has 98. The President is also ignoring the bomber forces of both the U.S. and NATO, which have the capacity to drop well over 1,000 nuclear weapons on the USSR.

"This is what they [the Russians] said of themselves. That they reserved these rights to break a promise, to change their ways, to be dishonest, and so forth if it furthered the cause of socialism. Now, just the other day, one among you [journalists] somewhere has written and commented on that and has quoted the 10 com-

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mandments of Nikolai Lenin ... the 10 principles—guiding principles of communism. And they're all there. That promises are like pie crusts, made to be broken. ..."(1/20/83)

Lenin did make the pie crust reference, but he used it as a criticism of the conduct of his political opponents, not as a justification for his own actions. Discussing political infighting, Lenin wrote: "The promises, like pie crust, are leaven to be broken, says the English proverb." The search for the "Ten Commandments of Communism" continues.

"Certainly their [the Soviet Union's] entire beliefs—beginning with the disbelief in God—their entire beliefs are so contrary to what we accept as morality. Witness a Kampuchea and an Afghanistan and so forth."(3/18/83)

Morality and politics don't always mix. Witness the fact that it is the United States, not the Soviet Union, that recognizes Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge as the legitimate government of Kampuchea. It was under Pol Pot's reign, from 1975 to 1979, that an estimated three million Cambodians were massacred.

REAGAN & DEFENSE/DISARMAMENT

"But I do believe this: that it is rather foolish to have unilaterally disarmed, you might say, as we did. ..."(3/3/81)

The United States did not disarm in the '70s; it dramatically strengthened its nuclear forces. Some of the programs: (1970–75) Replacement of Minute Man I and II ICBMs with 550 Minute Man IIIs; (1970–76) MIRVing of 550 Minute Man III ICBMs; (1971–76) Replacement of Polaris A3 SLBMs with 496 Poseidon C-3 SLBMs; (1971–76) Addition of 65 FB-111 SAC bombers and 356 F-111 nuclear-capable bombers; (1971–77) MIRVing of 496 SLBMs on Poseidons; (1972–75) Addition of 1,140 short-range attack missiles to B-52 and FB-111 bombers; (1979-83) Retrofitting of 900 MK12A warheads on 300 Minute Man IIIs; (1979–82) Retrofitting of 192 Trident I missiles on 12 Poseidon submarines; (1976) Initiation of Trident submarine program; (1981) Air-launched cruise missile operational, the first of at least 4,350 to go on B-52s; (1970s) B-52 and FB-111 improvements—20 programs; (1970s) ICBM improvements—five programs. In 1970, the United States had 4,000 strategic nuclear warheads. By the end of the decade, it had almost 10,000.

"I recently learned something quite interesting about video games. Many young people have developed incredible hand, eye, and brain coordination in playing those games. The air force believes these kids will be our outstanding pilots should they fly our jets."(3/8/83)

"There is no question about foreign agents that were sent to help instigate and help create and keep such a movement [the nuclear freeze movement] going."(11/11/82)

Reagan's comments refer to the huge anti-nuclear rally—almost one million people—held in New York's Central Park on June 12, 1982. Edward J. O'Malley, assistant director of intelligence for the FBI, told the House Select Committee that fall that he "would not attribute the large turnout" to Soviet agents. Rep. Edward Boland, chairman of the committee, said his panel's hearings led to the conclusion that "Soviet agents have had no significant influence in the nuclear freeze movement."

"When the United States was the only country in the world possessing these awesome weapons, we did not blackmail others with threats to use them."(3/31/83)

According to an analysis of this statement by the American Federation of Scientists, the U.S. had an absolute nuclear weapons monopoly from 1945 until 1949, and an effective monopoly of long-range delivery systems until the early '60s. We "blackmailed

AP WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

others with threats" in August 1945 at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan; in 1946 when Harry Truman suggested the USSR remove troops from Northern Iran; in November 1950, the day after Marines were surrounded by Chinese troops at Chosen reservoir in Korea; in 1953 in an attempt by Eisenhower to get the Chinese into a settlement on Korea; in 1954 when John Foster Dulles asked the French if they'd like some awesome weapons to relieve the siege at Dien Bien Phu; in 1962, during the Cuban missile crisis.

REAGAN & TAXES; REAGAN & UNEMPLOYMENT

Q: "Governor, did you pay any state income tax by the April 15 deadline?"

A: (Obviously surprised): *"You know something, I don't actually know whether I did or not."*(Press conference, 5/4/71)

He hadn't.

"Unemployment insurance is a pre-paid vacation for freeloaders."(Sacramento Bee, 4/28/66)

WISHFUL THINKING DEPT.

"Well, one of the things that's needed was illustrated in the local paper on Sunday. I made it a point to count the number of pages of help-wanted ads in this time of great unemployment. There were 24 full pages of classified ads of employers looking for employees."(1/19/82)

This is not the first time that Reagan has pulled this "want ads" trick. After he alluded to 33½ pages of want ads in the Sunday *Washington Post* of March 15, 1981, the American Vocation Association analyzed the section. That organization found that nearly all of the 2,000 jobs listed required some kind of vocational training and approximately 85 percent required a high level of training. The association concluded that high unemployment rates and lots of want ads in Sunday papers only served to highlight the mismatch between current worker skills and marketplace needs.

"We have, in some of the hardest-hit states, extended the unemployment insurance. There's nothing that strikes to my heart more than the unemployed. ..."(3/31/82)

Then how come the Labor Department estimates that changes in the eligibility formula in 1981 budget reduced extended benefits for 1.5 million jobless workers? Moreover, changes in the way a state becomes eligible for the extended benefit program had Mich-

igan—the hardest hit of the states—thrown off that program for 13 weeks just prior to the President's heartfelt speech.

"Is it news that some fellow out in South Succotash someplace has just been laid off? (3/16/82)

"But if a lot of businesses would take a look and see if they could hire just one person, it would be interesting to see how much we can reduce these unemployment rolls. . . . If everyone would just simply look at it from the standpoint there are more businesses in the United States than there are unemployed." (12/23/82)

Recalling Reagan's unemployment solution, a reporter covering the President's fly-in to Louisiana to inspect flood damage came up with this proposal: "If everyone on the trip would just take one bucket of water home and flush it down the toilet, we could solve the flooding problem."

UNKINDEST CUTS

Reagan & Social Programs

"We were told four years ago that 17 million people went to bed hungry every night. Well, that was probably true. They were all on a diet." (TV speech, 10/27/64)

" . . . a faceless mass, waiting for handouts." (Description of Medicaid recipients, 1965)

"I never suggested that Social Security should be voluntary." (New York Times, 9/17/80)

Not never. Voluntary Social Security was a staple of Reagan's mashed potato circuit speeches of the '60s. For example: "Social Security ought to be voluntary . . . so those who can make better provision for themselves are allowed to do so" (Human Events, Nov. 1966). Or, "Don't exchange freedom for the soup kitchen of compulsory insurance" (New York Times, 1/17/76).

"A young man went into a grocery store and he had an orange in one hand and a bottle of vodka in the other, and he paid for the orange with food stamps and he took the change and paid for the vodka. That's what's wrong [with food stamps]." (Chicago Sun-Times, 3/26/82)

Let's get back to reality. According to Mary C. Jarratt, the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture who oversees the food stamp program, change from food stamp transactions is limited to 99 cents in coin—hardly the price of vodka. Jarratt told a House nutrition subcommittee that such anecdotes, which she called examples in the extreme, "do not represent a constructive approach to the situation." She added, "We are following up on that with the White House . . . to find the source of the story."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

The Great Depression. Does Ronald Reagan have any idea what was really going on in this country in the 1930s? Riots, unrest, misery, discrimination, hopelessness—according to him, they never happened. FDR and the New Deal? Creeping fascism.

"Many of the New Dealers actually espoused what has become an epithet—fascism. . . . Ickes, [Secretary of the Interior] Harold Ickes, in his book, said that what we were striving for was a kind of modified form of communism." (New York Times, 12/23/81)

A White House spokeswoman said, "I don't know and can't find who he was referring to specifically." Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who has read the Ickes diaries word-for-word, said there was nothing in them to substantiate such a charge.

"Fascism was really the basis for the New Deal. It was Mussolini's success in Italy, with his government-directed economy, that led the early New Dealers to say, "But Mussolini keeps the trains running on time." (Time, 5/17/76)

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

KILLER TREES

Reagan & the Environment

"Swarms of locusts and grasshoppers; a plague of crickets, cutworms, and ants; and swarms of mosquitoes are making life miserable and even impossible in some parts of the world. . . . Some experts are treating this as an unexplainable mystery. Actually, there is no mystery about it. . . . The most effective pesticide, DDT, was outlawed . . . on the theoretical grounds that it might, under some circumstances, some day, harm someone or something." (Radio, Oct. 1978)

DDT's most prized characteristic, the ability to linger in the environment and to provide long-term effects, ultimately backfires, since insects develop resistance to it. Meanwhile, the rest of us are slowly poisoned as it builds up in the food chain. By 1972, DDT had been detected in 99 percent of human tissue samples taken in the U.S. It is a proven carcinogen. It has a devastating effect on birds, fish, and other wildlife. That's why the EPA banned its use in this country.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES

4/17/67:
"I believe our country can and should have a Redwood National Park in California."

4/18/67:
" . . . [T]here can be no proof given that a national park is necessary to preserve the redwoods. The state of California has already maintained a great conservation program."

"Air pollution has been substantially controlled." (Press release,

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

10/8/80)

"I don't think I've said anything of the kind." (Oct. 9, Time, 10/20/80)

"Isn't it substantially under control? I think it is." (Time, 10/20/80)

"A tree's a tree. How many more do you need to look at?" (Sacramento Bee, 3/12/66)

"... 115,000 acres of trees in the state park system is a lot to look at. How long can you look?" (Sacramento Bee, 4/28/66)

"I'm a fellow who bleeds every time a tree is cut down." (Fresno Bee 4/28/66)

"I don't believe a tree is a tree and if you've seen one you've seem them all." (Sacramento Bee, 9/14/66)

"I just didn't say it." (Associated Press, 10/5/66)

SHORTAGE OF SENSE
Reagan & Energy Policy
"The truth is, all of the nuclear waste now on hand and yet to be accumulated between now and the year 2000, could be stacked on a single football field and the stack would only be six feet high." (Radio, Nov. 1978)

"The waste from one nuclear power plant in a year would take less storage space than a dining room table." (Radio, Apr. 1979)

"All the waste in a year from a nuclear power plant could be stored under a desk." (Burlington [Vt.] Free Press, 2/15/80)

"Nuclear power is the cleanest, the most efficient, and the most economical energy source, with no environmental problems." (Sierra, 9/10/80)

THERE OUGHTA NOT BE A LAW
Reagan & Justice
CIVIL RIGHTS ACT
10/19/65:
"I favor the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and it must be enforced at the point of a bayonet, if necessary." (L.A. Times, 10/20/65)

6/16/66:
"I would have voted against the Civil Rights Act of 1964." (L.A. Times, 6/17/66)

"I am eternally optimistic, and I happen to believe that we've made great progress from the days when I was young and this country didn't even know it had a racial problem." (Presidential debate, 10/28/80)

"I didn't know there were any [segregated schools]. Maybe I should have, but I didn't. I was under the impression that the problem of segregated schools had been settled." (Washington Post, 5/12/82)

MISCELLANEOUS DISTORTIONS
Gov. Reagan's comment on the distribution of food in San Francisco demanded by Patty Hearst's kidnappers: *"It's just too bad we can't have an epidemic of botulism."* (L.A. Times, 3/7/74)

Q: "Governor, do you think homosexuals should be barred from public office in the United States?"
A: *"Certainly they should be barred from the Department of Beaches and Parks."* (L.A. Times, 12/5/67)

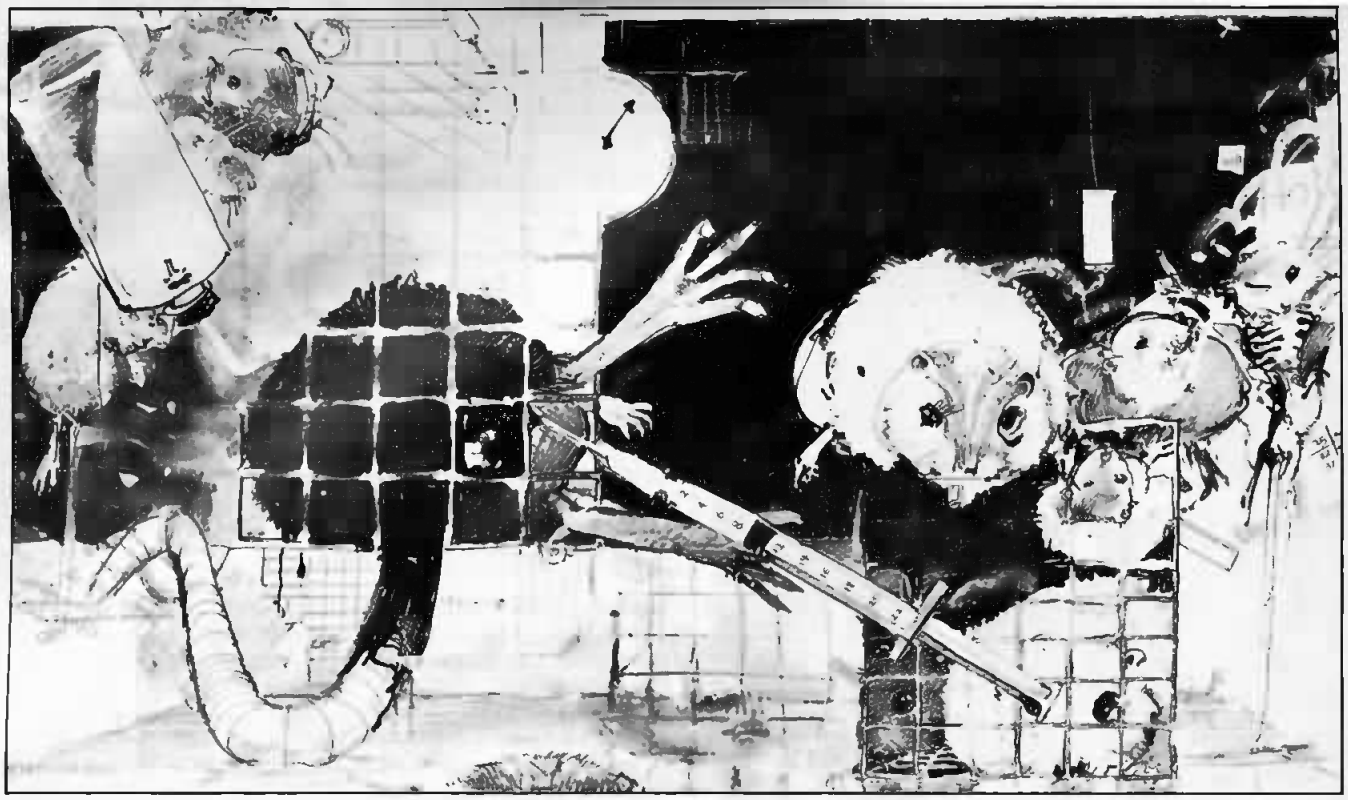
2/18/80:
"How do you tell who the Polish fellow is at a cockfight? He's the one with the duck. How do you tell who the Italian is at the cockfight? He's the one who bets on the duck. How do you know the Mafia was there? The duck wins." (Washington Star, 2/18/80)

2/19/80:
"I don't like that type of humor, and in a conversation about stories once, this came about with one of the reporters on the plane and I had given this as an example. And on the bus, he [the reporter] asked me the other day, he said, 'What was the sequence of that story.' and I paused and told him, and ... I think it's a cheap shot to use it." (Washington Post, 2/19/80)

"As president, I would be younger than all the heads of state I would have to deal with except Margaret Thatcher." (Washington Star, 11/12/79)

Reagan, who was 68-years-old at the time, also made this assertion to Tom Brokaw on the *Today* show, who pointed out that Giscard d'Estaing of France would be younger. "Who?" responded Reagan. "Yes, possibly, not an awful lot more." Giscard d'Estaing was, at the time, 53. Chancellor Schmidt and Anwar Sadat were 60. Menachim Begin was 66. Lopez-Portillo of Mexico was 59. Joe Clark of Canada, 40. And so on.

NEWS ITEM
Elizabeth Drew wrote in the June 21, 1982 *New Yorker* of a White House meeting in which the President lauded the inventor of Rubik's Cube as exemplifying the virtues of American free enterprise. Erno Rubik, the inventor of the cube, is a Hungarian professor living in Communist Budapest. ■



WAYNE COE

Testing Lab Falsifies Product Studies

More than 90 percent of IBT's tests were invalid

By Keith Schneider

Within the fetid, unseemly world that was Industrial Bio-Test Laboratories, the place where things turned gruesome was a room they called the "Swamp." In 1970, IBT's directors installed a Hoeltge automatic watering system for one large animal feeding room midway through Number Three building. Although it was designed to fill drinking bottles and flush wastes from hundreds of rodent cages, the equipment rarely worked properly. Faulty nozzles sprayed the room with a continuing chilly mist, showering the caged animals. Water streamed off cages and racks, submerging the floor under a four-inch-deep pool. Mice regularly drowned in their feeding troughs. Rats died of exposure. No technician entered the Swamp without rubber boots, and many wore masks to protect themselves from the hideous stench of disease and death.

During the course of a two-year feeding study, involving more than 400 animals, the mortality rate in the Swamp reached 80 percent. Worst of all was cleaning the cages. Dead rats and mice, technicians later told federal investigators, decomposed so rapidly in the Swamp that their bodies oozed through wire cage bottoms and lay in purple puddles on the droppings trays.

It was in conditions like these in the Swamp and four other major animal feeding areas that IBT conducted thousands of critical research projects for nearly every major American chemical and drug manufacturer, dozens of foreign concerns, and several federal agencies as well. Nearly half of IBT's studies were used to support federal registrations of a mammoth array of products: insecticides, herbicides, food additives, chemicals for water treatment, cosmetics, pharmaceuticals, soaps and bleaches—even coloring for ice cream.

On October 21st, in one of the most extraordinary white collar criminal trials in recent memory, three former officials of IBT were convicted by a federal jury in Chicago of fabricating four key product safety tests used to gain government approval to market two popular pesticides and two commonly used drugs.

The convictions, coming after six months of testimony and nearly 11 days of jury deliberations, closed one chapter in the IBT saga, regarded by many experts as the most massive scientific scandal in the history of this country and perhaps the world. But the convictions also added immediacy and a new urgency to a sensitive public health crisis that four federal regulatory agencies are now trying to solve: How many product safety tests, performed by labs like IBT and used to register thousands of agricultural, industrial and consumer chemicals sold on the American market, are scientifically valid?

Congressional critics charge, and high ranking officials at the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), and the Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSA) acknowledge that the discovery of the IBT scandal in 1976 opened a huge hole at the most fundamental level of the nation's regulatory system; a hole that has not yet begun to be closed. Even more disturbing, say critics, most of the 60,000 or so chemicals in regular use across the country do not have adequate studies supporting their registration and continued use.

"Ever since we recognized the magnitude and importance of what happened at IBT it's just been an ordeal to try and come to terms with it," said Kevin Keaney, a special assistant in the EPA's Office of Pesticide Programs. "We've tried to close the data gaps. But every time we think we're close, something else comes up."

Added Skip Stiles, an aide to Rep. George E. Brown Jr. (D-California), whose House Subcommittee on Department Operations, Research and Foreign Agriculture held hearings last July on the IBT affair: "IBT was the first warning of a huge problem this government is facing. I think we're going to find more problems before we solve the central question in this whole issue. How many studies are no good and for what products? It's clear that IBT was not the only laboratory submitting substandard research. There's little doubt that we're going to have to go through a painful cycle before we come up with a way to deal with this."

Consider this: IBT performed over

2,000 product safety tests approved by federal scientists to market 212 agricultural pesticides. After a seven-year review of its files, the EPA ruled this year that less than 10 percent of the studies are scientifically valid. Just a handful of the invalid studies have been repeated, the agency said, and most of the pesticides continue to be sprayed on fields, in the forest, and around the home.

Consider this too: Earlier this month, the FDA concluded a 12-year investigation when it announced that just one-third of 700 active ingredients contained in thousands of non-prescription drugs were "proved effective, as well as safe, for their intended use." IBT produced hundreds of studies for FDA review, but the agency has never said how many IBT safety tests are contained in agency files and for what drugs.

And this: The National Toxicology Program, a little known division of the Department of Health and Human Services, said this month that it has discovered severe problems with the scientific procedures of a large independent laboratory in Louisiana. That lab, Gulf South Research Institute, has performed extensive work under contract with the government to test the most widely applied agricultural and industrial chemicals. The revelations of sloppy scientific work that have emerged have placed the government's 12-year-old, $180 million program for testing suspected carcinogenic chemicals in jeopardy.

"Problems with the quality of scientific studies supporting registration decisions is something this country is going to have to deal with," said Steven D'Arazien, chief spokesman for NTP. "With too many of these chemicals, all we have is just one big question mark. We can't say with any degree of authority whether they are safe or unsafe."

In theory, the federal government's traditional system for insuring the safety of products is simple. Manufacturers must file a comprehensive set of scientific safety tests, produced either by their own laboratory or by one of the 400 independent testing firms located across the country. These tests are expected to be conducted under the most rigorous scientific standards. When completed, the studies are sent to scientists at the regulatory agencies where they are carefully reviewed. If federal scientists are satisfied that the chemical will not jeopardize human health or the environment, basing their decisions on the results of the safety tests, they will approve the product for registration.

In 1971, the government added another layer of insurance to this system when Congress authorized the National Cancer Institute to establish a program for testing the most widely used agricultural, industrial, and consumer chemicals.

Few people considered just how fragile this system was until the discovery of IBT.

One of the nation's oldest independent laboratories, during its last decade IBT was also the largest, performing more than 1,500 studies annually in its main facility in Northbrook, Illinois, 25 miles north of Chicago, and in two satellite laboratories: one in Neillsville, Wisconsin and another in Decatur, Illinois. It has been estimated that between 35 and 40 percent of all toxicology tests in the country were conducted by IBT.

AP-WIDE WORLD

Sen. Kennedy began a series of hearings into falsified research by the drug industry

Still, for all its prosperity and spurious prestige, IBT's business crumbled rapidly starting in 1976, when at the zenith of the lab's corporate strength, Dr. Adrian Gross, then a pathologist with the FDA, now a senior scientist with the EPA, put his finger on the IBT scam. Several writers have described the event as a matter of chance, but that is only part of the story.

In July 1975, Sen. Edward M. Kennedy began the first of a series of historic and sensational hearings on Capitol Hill in which a parade of FDA officials publicly disclosed that scientific research being conducted by the nation's drug industry was being deliberately falsified. The following January, officials of the EPA admitted that they were finding the same sort of shoddy scientific research in their files. It was in this atmosphere that Gross initiated a program of random spot checks of recent testing reports submitted by manufacturers to the FDA. One of the reports pulled from the files was a study on the drug Naprosyn, manufactured by Syntex Corp. of Palo Alto, California and used to treat arthritis inflammation.

As soon as Gross looked at the mortality tables, he suspected something was wrong. For instance, Gross noticed that rats listed dead in one section of the report suddenly reappeared alive in another section. "Now IBT did some strange and unusual things," Gross said, "but bringing back the dead wasn't one of them."

Gross' investigation led to a joint FDA-Justice Department probe. In May 1981, Dr. Joseph C. Calandra, 65, IBT's founder and former president, and three of his former associates—Dr. Moreno L. Keplinger, 53, manager of toxicology; Dr. Paul L. Wright, 48, section head for rat toxicology; and James B. Plank, 40, senior group leader for rat toxicology—were indicted by a special federal grand jury. Each defendant was accused of eight counts of wire fraud, mail fraud and making false statements to the government, charges connected with the government's allegations that the defendants faked research used to market four products: Syntex's Naprosyn; the insecticide Nemacur and the herbicide Sencor produced by Chemagro Corp., now owned by Mobay Chemical Co. and Monsanto's anti-bacterial agent TCC, widely contained in such popular deodorant soaps as Dial and Safeguard. All the compounds have been retested, say their manufacturers, and declared safe.

The IBT trial, which began April 4, generated over 16,000 pages of court transcript and was the longest criminal trial in the Chicago federal court district in 18 years. It ended with the conviction of Dr. Keplinger (6 counts), Dr. Wright (3 counts) and Mr. Plank (5 counts). Each defendant faces well over a decade in prison and thousands of dollars in fines. Sentencing is scheduled for March. Defense attorneys said they planned to appeal.

Last July, U.S. District Court Judge John A. Nordberg declared a mistrial in the case of Dr. Calandra, after Calandra was admitted to a hospital to undergo triple bypass heart surgery. Federal prosecutors said they plan to retry Calandra.

During the trial, the defendant's guilt was not the only issue explored. Prosecu-

Dr. Gross' investigation led to indictments for IBT's founder and three associates

tors also outlined a pattern of chemical company knowledge of the fraudulent research that took place at IBT. Said one Justice Department investigator: "IBT became the largest testing lab in the country because companies knew this was the place to get the results they wanted."

A primary example was the case of defendant Dr. Paul Wright. Before he started work at IBT in March 1971, Wright was employed as a toxicologist by Monsanto in St. Louis for 16 years. According to court records, Monsanto was IBT's best client. Prosecutors said Wright went to IBT to manage Monsanto's contract to test the safety of TCC, the company's anti-bacterial agent. TCC was under suspicion by the FDA for causing testicular atrophy in laboratory rats fed the compound. At the same time, Monsanto was counting on TCC as a major product to replace hexachlorophene, another anti-bacterial chemical widely used until FDA restricted its sales in 1969. Monsanto needed a "clean" IBT study to convince the FDA that TCC was safe so the agency would grant them a registration to increase the levels of TCC in deodorant soaps.

Wright stayed at IBT for 18 months, to supervise most of the TCC research, then returned to Monsanto where he was named its manager of toxicology in the department of medicine and environmental health. While at Monsanto, according to prosecutors and witnesses from the company, Wright wrote several critical sections of the final TCC summary report and pressured IBT's pathologist, Dr. Donovan E. Gordon, into changing his finding that TCC did, in fact, cause testicular atrophy in laboratory rats. The sections Wright authored were included in IBT's summary report which was sent to the FDA. The agency eventually approved the new higher levels in some deodorant soaps. Millions of pounds more of TCC are now manufactured by Monsanto as a result.

There is nothing remarkable in the way Frontage Road runs alongside Interstate 94 in Northbrook. Like a hundred other two-lane industrialized corridors across America, Frontage Road is home to a dull array of squat motels, three-story corporate headquarters, and small manufacturing plants.

It was here in 1952 that Joe Calandra established IBT. Then a 35-year-old graduate of the Northwestern University School of Medicine, the young Calandra, according to colleagues, was a man of high scientific standards who also knew how to make a dollar. Calandra could see that a toxicology lab which contracted its services was very much a growth business of the future.

All signals pointed that way. The federal government was increasing the standards required for registration. Manufacturers, pressed to account for the safety of their products, needed firms to prepare the scientific research, and Calandra, from the start, had a real prize for a client: The Pentagon.

Between 1953 and 1977, in an effort to discover better ways to preserve food for troops during war, the Pentagon paid IBT more than $8 million to carry out a long-term study in which irradiated beef was fed to mice and rats. The Pentagon was not the only U.S. agency to contract IBT's services. In the early 1970s, the National Institute on Drug Abuse spent $972,000 on four long-term feeding studies, one of which was to test the toxicity of methadone. The FDA too was a client. In 1974, the agency spent slightly more than $400,000 on four tests of their own.

IBT grew quickly. Behind the first two administration buildings stood four nearly identical animal buildings, long and low, used to house IBT's horde of rates, mice, guinea pigs, dogs and chickens.

Throughout the 1950s, and early 1960s, IBT's growth lagged far behind the demand for its services. The lab's reputation circulated quickly through the science and development areas of corporate America. IBT's work was good, they said. It was moderately priced. Most importantly, it passed examination in Washington. While its finances were closely guarded, several estimates put IBT's revenues in the mid-1960s at close to $2 million annually, enough to attract the attention of the officers of Nalco Chemical Co., a specialty chemicals manufacturer based in Oak Brook, Illinois. In 1966, Nalco bought IBT from Calandra for a reported $4.5 million.

Backed by Nalco's millions, Calandra began a program of expansion to turn his pioneering laboratory into America's largest chemical testing firm. Two smaller satellite labs were built. In 1970, construction began on a $2 million, four-story research building on the Frontage Road site. Calandra was also making several important staff appointments. Dr. Moreno Keplinger was named manager of toxicology in 1970, followed by James Plank's being named as group leader for rat toxicology. In March, 1971 Paul Wright joined the staff from Monsanto.

During the same period events were occurring in Washington which turned a river of business IBT's way. The environmental movement, an infant in the early 1960s, had matured by the end of the decade, compelling President Nixon to establish the EPA in 1970. With the agency came publication of dramatically more stringent regulations for pesticide registration and use, requiring a broad range of scientific studies.

IBT thought it was ready for the new business and welcomed all its new clients. But it was soon in the position of having much more work than it could handle.

The IBT convictions were obtained on these allegations:

- Chemagro paid for two 18-month studies that IBT conducted for just 14 months. Throughout the course of the studies, large numbers of mice died and were replaced without being properly recorded. The final summary tables for the Nemacur and Sencor reports were faked, the government said. IBT also was supposed to feed a known animal carcinogen to a control group of mice to compare their reactions with those of mice tested with the two chemicals. The results from this study also were faked.
- Syntex contracted with IBT for an 18-month study, which was conducted in 22 months. An important section of the

final report, in which detailed blood and urine figures appeared, was faked, the prosecution said. In an appendix to the report, IBT said it had conducted complete autopsies and microscopic tissues studies of the test animals. The lab never conducted these studies.

- Monsanto signed with IBT for a two-year rat feeding study on TCC. Aside from Dr. Wright's involvement, the TCC study was a nightmare of inaccuracy. The study was conducted in the animal feeding room—the Swamp. Hundreds of rats died without being properly recorded. Other animals replaced those that were overcome by the conditions. These additional rats were not recorded either. Data tables for this study were made up out of "thin air," charged government prosecutors.

None of the six men and six women of the federal jury had been trained in any scientific discipline before taking their seats on the federal panel. And for six grueling months they were introduced, then inundated, by a cascade of mysterious details concerning pathology, biostatistics, tumor identification, animal necropsy, chemical dose relationships and other arduous disciplines that make up the relatively new science of toxicology. Defense attorneys portrayed their clients as top scientists and technicians in the field; honest men who had never before been accused of a criminal offense. They conceded that critical information was missing from IBT's studies, but they argued that the laboratory's difficulties were the result of untried and pioneering practices begun by the company and not deliberate fraud.

Several jurors, however, said in interviews that their decision to convict the defendants turned on the testimony of Merrill Thompson, a Chicago lawyer hired in 1976 by Nalco to help IBT answer questions FDA investigators were beginning to raise about several IBT studies. Thompson testified in August that after working with company officials for nearly a year, he refused to accompany the defendants into a Washington investigative session in December 1976 with FDA officials.

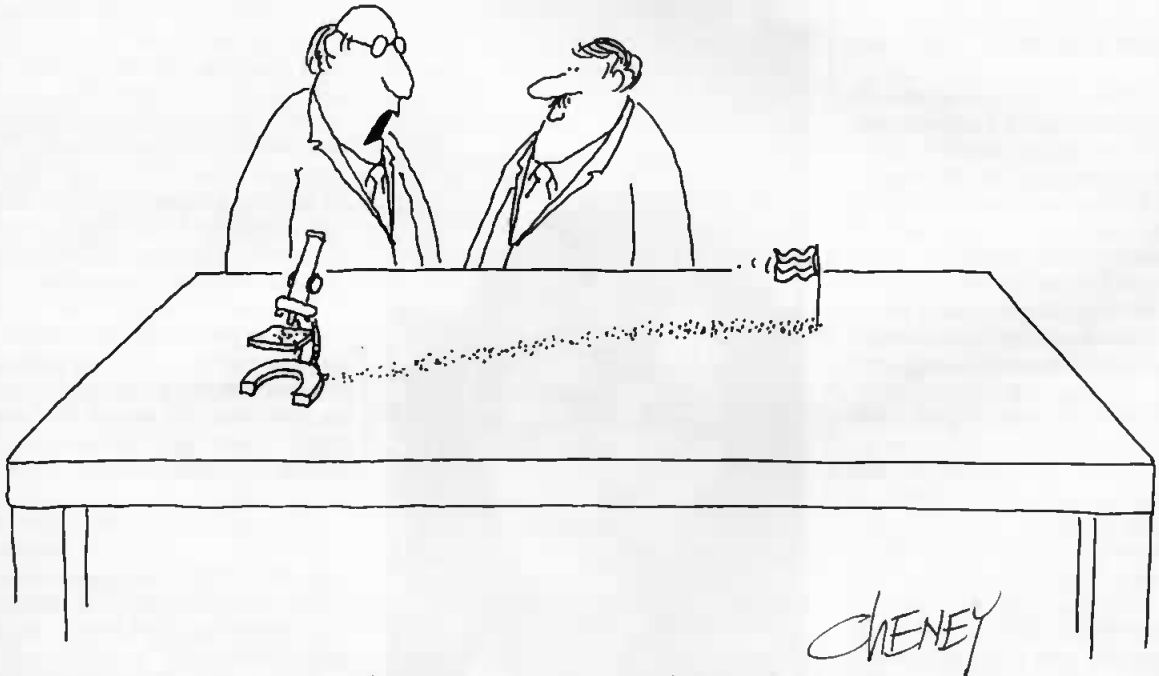
"As I got into it and worked on these things more, and found out more, and worked with IBT people more and looked at the evidence of other practices in the industry, I decided I couldn't defend IBT's practices," Thompson said.

"I would not have wanted to be in Merrill Thompson's shoes," said juror Isabelle Burbey. "Imagine serving a client, trying to help that client out, and the client was always lying to you."

About the same time that Thompson finished his testimony, the jurors said they began to realize the significance of the IBT case. "They were dealing with chemicals that could cause cancer, and could cause other problems," said jury foreman Gerald Rasmusen, an unemployed pipefitter. "To have done the things they did is almost unimaginable."

Among the gravest threats to the health and safety of all Americans is inaccurate science, sloppy science, and in some cases, fraudulent science. The aftermath of the IBT affair reaches deep into the lives of most Americans, and has proved to be an environmental and public health emergency. Residues from hundreds of pesticides tested by IBT and declared safe appear in measureable quantities in virtually everything Americans eat and much of what they drink. These pesticides, among them the insecticides toxaphene, DBCP, carbaryl, and the herbicides, 2,4-D, 2,4,5-T, picloram and paraquat have contaminated ground water supplies and reservoirs, polluted streams and rivers, and have been implicated in serious health problems across America. The EPA has moved to limit the uses of several of these chemicals after subsequent testing showed them to be unsafe. But well over 200 other agricultural chemicals and countless industrial chemicals IBT and other suspect labs tested remain on the market and their effect on human health and the environment are unknown. ■

***Keith Schneider is editor of* News West, *an independent news service based in Sacramento, California. He covered the IBT trial in part for the* New York Times, *and his work on the scandal has appeared in* The New York Times, Miami Herald, Boston Globe, St. Louis Post Dispatch, Sacramento Bee *and other major newspapers. This article is adapted from a piece that appeared in the Spring issue of the* Amicus Journal.**



Benazir and Mrs. Bhutto addressing party rally in 1977

Benazir

A Life in the Balance

By William Pepper

In April 1979, even as I consulted with former Pakistani Chief Justice Anwar Ul Haq about an appeal on behalf of deposed Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the Prime Minister was taken from his cell one morning and hanged. It was over and done. A popular leader, regarded by many as the father of his country and a thorn in the side of the regime which had deposed him, was detained on a specious criminal charge, and finally, unceremoniously, eliminated.

Today, Bhutto's daughter Behazir could well suffer the same fate.

As her father's heir apparent, and clearly one of the most popular figures in Pakistan today—indeed, to countless Pakistanis, the very symbol of opposition—Benazir Bhutto is isolated in prison, with the threat of summary execution hanging over her head because those in power fear her potential. Not only is she out of step with the forced swing toward fundamental Islamicization in her native Pakistan, mandated by the Dictator/President Zia Ul Haq, but no help has been forthcoming from the West.

The execution of Ali Bhutto was not a rash act carried out by a revolutionary government anxious to consolidate its new position of power. Rather it was calculated and carried out after lengthy proceedings. Zia took power in a coup in July 1977; the execution was carried out in early April 1979. The scenario included an orchestrated trial and appeal process. And the inevitable occurred only after the failure of all efforts to portray the death sentence as the just result of a criminal, and not a political, conviction. When international opinion was, if anything, growing more strongly against the regime's position, the process was abruptly ended.

Benazir Bhutto

Benazir has now spent a total of nearly three years in detention, without formal charge or trial, from July 1977, when Zia took power, to the present. She was first arrested in December 1977 and held for several weeks. In March 1978 both she and her mother, Begum Bhutto, were rearrested. While her mother was detained in Lahore, Benazir was taken to Karachi and held there. Begum Bhutto continued in detention. The Sind High Court ordered Benazir's release in June 1978.

In August 1978, she was forcibly removed by police at Multan, where she had gone to address a political meeting. When she resisted, the police put her on a plane to Islamabad. On arrival she was placed under arrest and remained in detention during her father's appeal before the Supreme Court.

Thus, both Begum and Benazir were being held at the time of the execution, and remained in detention for a month afterward, even being denied permission to attend the funeral in Larkana, the family's home town.

Benazir was released on May 28th, but rearrested June 3rd for making "objectionable speeches." She remained under heavy surveillance during the summer of 1979 as the November elections promised by Zia approached.

But in September, just before the elec-

Benazir during her temporary release after the prime Minister's execution

tions, Benazir was charged with three new material law offences, as a part of an intensive effort by the regime to disqualify the Bhutto Pakistan People's Party (P.P.P.) from participating in the elections. At that time she was running in four constituencies, and the P.P.P. was organizing with a vengeance.

In October, apparently fearing a humiliating defeat, Zia canceled the elections, banned all political activity in Pakistan and once again ordered Benazir and her mother detained.

They were held out of circulation with visitation restricted until February 1980 when their release was conditioned upon their movements being restricted to certain areas of Pakistan. In addition, surveillance of their movements was intensified.

In June 1980 Benazir delivered a speech before the Karachi Bar Association in which she analyzed and deplored the current "Ideology and Government in Pakistan." For the harshly critical views she espoused, she was promptly charged with violating the ban on political activity. Two months later she was expelled and banned from the Punjab. Then, following a standoff period during the autumn and winter of 1980, Benazir and her mother were once more arrested on March 8, 1981. This time they were incarcerated in the worst of Pakistan's prisons in Sukkar and Karachi, and held in "C Class," normally reserved only for criminals. There are no fans and the temperature in the squalid, cramped quarters often exceeds 45°C.

Begum Bhutto was released about five months later when she developed multiple, bleeding gastric ulcers. Benazir developed an acute ear infection and began to hemmorhage internally. Consequently she had to be taken from Sukkar to Karachi for emergency surgery. She was transported over the 300-mile journey in a police jeep and returned to her jail cell the same way, on the very next day after the operation. At this writing, her condition has apparently worsened. Local doctors have been informed that the middle ear infection, if not dealt with promptly could lead to the onset of encephalitis. Treatment necessary to arrest her deteriorating condition is not available in Pakistan and can only be obtained outside the country.

After nine months of total isolation in the Sukkar jail, she was transferred to her father's house, in Larkana, which had been taken over by the army and designated a sub-jail.

She remained there until November 1982, when she was moved to the family house in Karachi—that house too was designated a sub-jail—shortly before her mother's departure abroad for medical treatment.

Begum Bhutto's release from prison in August 1981 had been granted only because she began to vomit blood and then collapsed in jail. Permission for her to go abroad for medical treatment was given only after symptoms of lung malignancy were discovered and widely publicized, followed by a massive public outcry on her behalf.

Prior to her departure, Begum Bhutto was virtually Benazir's only allowed visitor. Now Benazir is detained in total isolation in the "sub-jail" that was her father's home. Even in prison, isolated from friends, political comrades and her people, Benazir poses a serious problem for the military regime. Since she is being held without any formal charge against her, the military regime must renew her detention orders every three months in order to conform to the barest formality of Pakistan law.

Meanwhile she has become a symbol to her country. Since she has refused to "come to her senses" (the definition of acceptable behavior recently set forth by Zia, as a condition of her release) she shares the fate of an estimated 30,000 imprisoned dissidents, and personifies the general suffering and deprivation of her people. Most significantly, she also remains a leader of the opposition.

Her ability to conceptualize issues, rather than merely react from day to day, and her desire to synthesize Islamic teaching and practice with the realities of the modern world, set her apart from the present medievalism dominating Pakistani life. She maintains that the return to Islamic fundamentalism promotes centralized control and the concentration of power in an elite—in Iran, the Mullahs, in Pakistan, the military utilizing the Mul-

Deposed Prime Minister Ali Bhutto and Benazir shortly before he was summarily executed

lahs. Such an alliance, she insists, creates an ideal climate for dogmatic repression at home, and imperialism abroad.

In espousing this perspective, Benazir is very much her father's daughter. He too was educated at Oxford and spent much time in the United States. And it is very possible that as she stands in his shoes she may also walk the same path to political execution. For Zia is very much between a rock and a hard place, given the lack of popular support for his rule and the absence of any power base other than the military. Free elections would unseat him; staged elections would embarrass him, and the status quo favors growing support and sympathy for the P.P.P. and its followers. Absent legitimate outlets, dissent could well increasingly take violent forms.

Any turbulence increases the danger to Benazir. As the actual leader of the opposition, and the personal embodiment of the movement for change, so long as she lives, particularly in captivity, she represents a visible, viable alternative. Dead she is a martyr, but like her father no longer a viable threat to take the reins of power.

Consequently, the coming months are critically important for the future of Pakistan, and her long suffering daughter—Benazir Bhutto.

Pakistan is, at present, a powder keg and it is unlikely that any internally devised resolution will emerge. In fact, outbursts in prison have apparently resulted in bloodbaths in which politicized inmates have been summarily silenced. The posture of the United States, as Pakistan's major financial supporter is more critical, now than ever, with respect to the intertwined fates of the nation and Benazir. To date, the United States has adopted a hands-off policy, ignoring the immediate and obvious human rights issues involved, as well as the potential long range harm to relations between the two countries when the popular-based P.P.P. takes power. For most objective observers do not doubt that it is only a question of time until Zia passes, or is removed, from the scene. In the eyes of the shadow leadership, waiting in the wings or in prison, the United States has a critical role to play now. There is an undeniably delicate balance to be managed by a patron between intervening in a sovereign state's domestic affairs and seeking to protect basic human rights, and enhance the future of the domestic process.

Presently, the U.S. is not managing the balance very well. It is apparently avoiding, even informally, the exertion of any effective pressure on the Zia Government, while providing full-scale military and financial support deemed essential to Pakistan's pivotal role in support of the Afghan insurgents, and the overall East-West jockeying in the region.

Considering their own experience in Pakistan, Benazir Bhutto and the P.P.P. would never provide any support or sympathy for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, so the U.S. position is distressingly shortsighted.

Humanitarian concerns aside, it is ironic that the world's leading democracy has, particularly, in this generation, so very often identified its national interests with repressive military dictatorships. Far too often, in the past, the American industrial establishment has demanded knee-jerk support for such corrupt, easily predictable "client" regimes where decisions are made by one, or at most, a few, "proprietors" instead of resulting from some measure of free indigenous consideration.

If there is effective intervention, Benazir Bhutto might one day be Prime Minister. The basic question now, however, is not when, but if. Throughout history, her likes have appeared at various times, in every section of the globe. Such leaders, undeniably rooted in a particular culture, also transcend and provide a type of leadership to be treasured most—that which bridges boundaries and cultures with a consciousness extended beyond the provincialism of an individual country or culture.

If there is no intervention, Benazir may very well perish, and we shall all be the poorer. ■

William F. Pepper is an international lawyer who has published two books on law and education, and acts on behalf of governments and individual leaders as well as corporations. Trained in the United Kingdom and the United States, he was a journalist in Vietnam in 1966.

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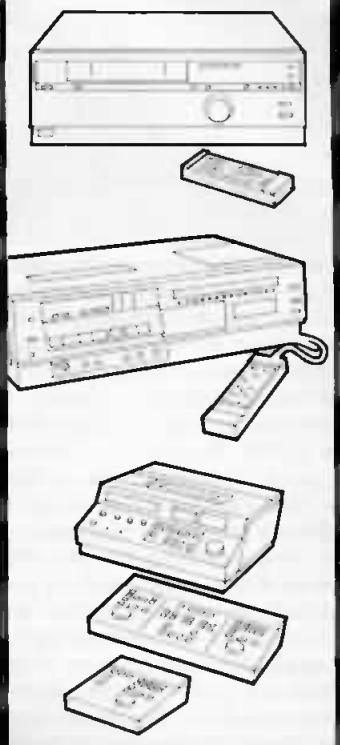

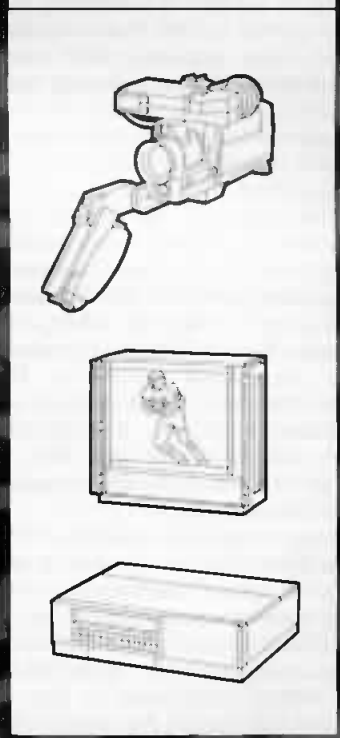

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